

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS

|  |                         |                          |
|--|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| I. America and the War. <i>By A. Maurice Low.</i>  | NATIONAL REVIEW         | 643                      |
| II. Boy Scouts in War Time. <i>By W. Cecil Price.</i>  | FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW      | 650                      |
| III. The Pomanders. Chapter XXVI. The Disconsolate. Chapter XXVII. The Wanderer Returns. <i>By Arthur Fetterless.</i> (To be continued.) |                         | 659                      |
| IV. The First Hundred Thousand. <i>By the Junior Sub.</i>  | VII. Shooting Straight. | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 666 |
| V. The Wares of Autolycus. <i>By R. W. Burgess.</i>  | ENGLISH REVIEW          | 677                      |
| VI. Pir Khan. <i>By A. M. Scott-Moncrieff.</i>   | CORNHILL MAGAZINE       | 684                      |
| VII. Under the Black Flag.   | NATION                  | 695                      |
| VIII. The Food Problem.  | PUNCH                   | 698                      |
| IX. The Sower.   | ACADEMY                 | 699                      |

## A PAGE OF VERSE

|  |                    |     |
|--|--------------------|-----|
| X. A Carol from Flanders. <i>By Frederick Niven.</i> | ATHENAEUM          | 642 |
| XI. Attila. <i>By G. R. Glasgow.</i>                 | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 642 |
| XII. Summary. <i>By V. H. Friedlaender.</i>          | SATURDAY REVIEW    | 642 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS.                                   |                    | 701 |



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

**A CAROL FROM FLANDERS.**  
 In Flanders on the Christmas morn  
 The trenchèd foemen lay,  
 The German and the Briton born—  
 And it was Christmas Day.

The red sun rose on fields accurst,  
 The gray fog fled away;  
 But neither cared to fire the first,  
 For it was Christmas Day.

They called from each to each across  
 The hideous disarray  
 (For terrible had been their loss):  
 "O, this is Christmas Day!"

Their rifles all they set aside,  
 One impulse to obey;  
 'Twas just the men on either side,  
 Just men—and Christmas Day.

They dug the graves for all their dead  
 And over them did pray;  
 And Englishman and German said:  
 "How strange a Christmas Day!"

Between the trenches then they met,  
 Shook hands, and e'en did play  
 At games on which their hearts are set  
 On happy Christmas Day.

Not all the Emperors and Kings,  
 Financiers, and they  
 Who rule us could prevent these  
 things—  
 For it was Christmas Day.

O ye who read this truthful rime  
 From Flanders, kneel and say:  
*God speed the time when every day  
 Shall be as Christmas Day.*

*Frederick Niven.*

*The Athenæum.*

#### ATTILA.

Swift the flaming wings of death  
 Beat against the laboring breath,  
 Blazing hearth and anguished cry  
 Smite against the tranquil sky,  
 As the legions thunder by.  
 For the ruthless, tragic beat  
 Of those fierce, relentless feet,  
 Broken faith, and tarnished sword,  
 Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

While upon the fields of red,  
 Sleep the unremembered dead,  
 While the homeless, in the glare  
 Of the ruins burnt and bare,  
 Face a hell of black despair,  
 For those silent heaps that lie  
 Witness to a silent sky,  
 Shattered homes, dishonored sword,  
 Judgment, and not mercy, Lord!

But when stands the naked soul,  
 Shamed and broken, at the goal,  
 When the tragic eyes can see,  
 Through that cloud of infamy,  
 Nothing but itself—and Thee,  
 Love invincible shall plead,  
 Hopeless anguish, deepest need.  
 Pity sheathe the flaming sword,  
 Mercy, and not judgment, Lord.

*G. R. Glasgow.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

#### SUMMARY.

Far have I journeyed, and have seen  
 strange things;  
 Once in a while have risen, as on  
 wings.

Truth with one grain of gold has  
 blessed my eyes;  
 I have sought wisdom—and men call  
 me wise.

Hardly have I divined the soul's ad-  
 vance,  
 Dimly seen order in the strands of  
 chance.

By grief enforced, by agonies renewed  
 I have attained in part to fortitude.

Such things as man may compass if  
 he will,  
 A little growth, a little saving skill,

These are my gains: and for these  
 at my hands  
 One jewel and one only Life demands.

Ah, but the hardness of the sacrifice!  
 Youth is that pearl, and I have paid  
 the price.

*V. H. Friedlaender.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## AMERICA AND THE WAR.

The Note sent by the Washington Government to the British Government on the 26th of December protesting against the seizure of ships and the detention of American cargoes on suspicion of being contraband intended for enemy purposes, appears to have been as great a surprise to the Foreign Office as to the man in the street. Neither ought to have been surprised, that is if either keep fairly current with the best sources of information. Governments, of course, in their collective capacity never read the newspapers; and Government officials when they do read the newspapers read them in their unofficial capacity and with a heretical mind—prepared to believe nothing that would appear to be inherently probable and to disbelieve everything that does not square with preconceived official prejudices.

Through the pages of this Review and the columns of the *Morning Post* I have repeatedly during the last few months tried to impress upon English readers the wisdom of not taking too much for granted regarding the attitude of the United States toward England and the war, and I have endeavored to make it clear that we ran the risk of American sympathy being alienated unless we showed some consideration for the feelings of Americans. Unfortunately we have taken too much for granted and we have shown little consideration for the feelings of Americans, and the result is the Note, which has fluttered the diplomatic doves, startled the man in the street, caused great rejoicing in Berlin, and stiffened the German-Americans in the United States to renewed efforts and a greater determination to use their political power and their commercial influence to put pres-

sure on American public opinion detrimental to the Allies.

"There is always the danger that business men and working men, suffering from the effects of the war in the falling off of trade and the scarcity of employment, will be made to believe that England, and not Germany, is responsible for their distress, that but for England there would be no war, that it is England who has brought them suffering and hunger."

The foregoing paragraph was written on October 5 last and appears in the November issue of the *National Review*. Now read the American Note:

"There is an increasing belief, doubtless not entirely unjustified, that the present British policy toward American trade is responsible for the depression in certain industries which depend upon European markets. The attention of the British Government is called to this possible result of their present policy to show how widespread the effect is upon the industrial life of the United States and to emphasize the importance of removing the cause of complaint."

In the December issue of this Review, writing almost two months before the American protest was despatched, I said:

"A sentiment hostile to us could be easily created because there are bound to rise questions of vital importance to Americans. So long as the war lasts we shall be compelled to interfere with their shipping and to disturb their commerce, no doubt causing them heavy losses. . . . In everything that we do we must be frank and above board. This is no time for secrecy or the mysteries of diplomacy, which is the cloak of small men to hide their incompetence. . . . Many other questions will arise. While England and America are united in sentiment their policy is antagonistic.

The aim of America is to sell everything to Germany and Austria that they need, and to profit from the trade hitherto enjoyed by England, France, and Russia. Our aim, of course, is to prevent anything from reaching our enemies, to starve them out, to weaken them at home as well as in the field, to make them feel the effects of the war in every way possible. It is almost sure that these opposing interests will raise issues certain to create friction unless ability, forbearance, and frankness are shown."

In substantiation of this view the President writes—or at least authorizes it to be officially written—to the British Government:

"Not only is the situation a critical one to the commercial interests of the United States, but many of the great industries of this country are suffering because their products are denied long-established markets in European countries, which, though neutral, are contiguous to the nations at war. Producers and exporters, steamship and insurance companies are pressing, and not without reason, for relief from the menace to Transatlantic trade which is gradually but surely destroying their business and threatening them with financial disaster."

Our position has never been understood. I find in talking to men and women of more than average intelligence that they resent the idea, which is undoubtedly prevalent, that we have resorted to arbitrary methods and created a code of our own which, so many people believe, is as flagrant a violation of the law of nations as Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium. In fact, I have been told by more than one person that while we pretend to be horrified by Germany's derisive reference to a treaty as a scrap of paper, we have done the very thing on the sea for which we have so severely criticised Germany on land. Finding the Declaration of

London inconvenient we tore it up; seeing that the laws in force were not sufficient we made new laws to suit our own particular needs.

Intricate questions of law are not easily comprehensible to the lay mind. It is difficult, it may be admitted, to make the average person understand that belligerents have rights no less than neutrals, but the task is not impossible. Because of the pragmatism of the official mind, which seldom has imagination and too often is without sympathy, the American has been allowed to nurse a grievance, and that grievance would never have existed had more foresight been displayed.

What is uppermost in the American mind at the present time is that certain "rights," which he believes are inherently his, have been trampled upon. He is rather vague as to what those rights are. His ideas are nebulous and inchoate. He cannot very clearly or convincingly advance his argument, but he is quite certain that something almost as precious to him as his birthright is in danger.

In the discussion in the Press on the American Note this question of "rights" is the pivot of the whole argument, and by assuming at the outset, as the majority of the papers do, that there has been an invasion of American rights by England we are immediately placed on the defensive before American public opinion. No one will accuse the *New York Tribune* of being pro-German or unfriendly to the Allies, but it feels constrained to say:

"Our sincere desire to avoid anything approaching ill-feeling does not mean that we are willing to retreat from our unquestioned rights as a neutral Power. The law of contraband contains a large borderland of doubt. But it leaves the broad right of neutrals unimpaired. It is at the most an exception to the general right of



a nation not at war to go about its business as usual. That right we shall unquestionably insist upon maintaining, however ready we stand to discuss the mooted terms of the law of contraband in fairness and good-will."

An equally sympathetic supporter and well-wisher of the Allies has been the *New York Evening Post*. It is therefore not without significance that a leader in this friendly newspaper should be entitled "Scraps of Paper at Sea," and that the writer should say:

"England enjoys the command of the sea. True, but that does not make her whim the law at sea. The rules carefully worked out through all the years, with the decisions made by British courts as well as American, and the positions laid down repeatedly by British statesmen as well as our own, cannot be brushed aside as if they were but scraps of paper. They represent the consensus of nations. They are part of international law. No plea of extreme necessity, or of life or death for England or any other Power, can avail to set aside the indefeasible rights of neutrals at sea. . . . Command of the sea does not mean that you may do whatever you please at sea. Your conduct there in time of war, as upon the land, is to be judged by the laws of nations, no matter how many army corps you may be able to mobilize, or how many big guns your battleships may carry."

When newspapers that hope for the success of the Allies so stoutly assert England has exceeded her legitimate powers, one can very well imagine what the comment is of newspapers that are pro-German or indifferent to British success. The President's protest has for the time being made every newspaper cease to be pro-British or pro-Ally or pro-German, but to become pro-American. A question has arisen between a foreign Government and the United States. Naturally every newspaper upholds the hands of its Government; every newspaper must

believe and insist that the United States is in the right and the foreign Government is in the wrong.

It is a great pity that some of the energy and space that were used to answer German arguments about the responsibility for the war were not employed to deal with questions of more practical interest to Americans. More would have been gained in that way. Most Americans are anxious to have the war ended. They have contributed with extraordinary generosity for the relief of the Belgians. I think if they had been told that by stopping a single cargo of copper to Germany the war would be over that much sooner and the necessity of furnishing food to the distressed Belgians would be to that extent lightened, they would have shown less objection to the necessarily rigorous measures England was forced to adopt. More real good can be done to Belgium, for whom every American has profound sympathy, by making it impossible for Germany to obtain copper than even by sending food, great and urgent as is the demand of Belgium.

The President dwells upon the injury that has been done to American trade. I think it is unfortunate that the American people have not been made to understand that this injury has been brought about by Germany and not because England has been required to search ships and confiscate contraband. That fact, the real truth, is being lost sight of. People quickly forget. Americans now seem to be forgetting on whom the responsibility for the war rests and only to remember that their cargoes are being interfered with by England, and therefore to hold England blamable for everything that has happened. It is dangerous when this impression becomes widespread; it can easily result in the loss of sympathy.

Many Englishmen will no doubt ask

whether American sympathy for England is less pronounced now than it was at the beginning of the war. Sentiment in the United States is still heavily in favor of the Allies, but it is not so one-sided as it was, I believe. With the breaking out of hostilities Germany did so many foolish and outrageous things that Americans were disgusted and horrified, and public opinion was quickly formed. The Germans in the United States appeared to be dazed by the catastrophe they had invited and to have lost the power to gauge the temper of the people whose support they were so anxious to gain. Since then they have pulled themselves together and acted with more discretion and greater wisdom, and various incidents have operated in their favor and turned to our disadvantage.

It would be unfair to President Wilson to say that he was inspired by political considerations to send his protest to London, but it would be foolish not to recognize the influence of politics in shaping American thought and affecting American action. I am convinced that Mr. Wilson is honestly desirous of maintaining strict and impartial neutrality and doing nothing that can be construed as showing preference to either side. A great deal of criticism has been levelled at the President because he induced an American to abandon his contract to build submarines for the British Government. Parenthetically it may be remarked that an American who obtains a large contract from the British Government and then advertises it to all the world and our enemies is the person to be criticised, and it shows how little confidence can be placed in his discretion, but that apart, those persons who attack Mr. Wilson for having made it impossible for the submarines to be built are convicted by their own ignorance.

International law, we are now discovering to our cost, is not a legal code and cannot be internationally enforced. It ties the hands of nations willing to respect it and frees from obligation those without conscience. It is largely ridiculous and usually ineffective. Why a neutral nation should be permitted to sell to a belligerent cannon and shell and yet not be permitted to sell a vessel on which that cannon and shell can be used is not obvious to the lay mind, nor is it logical or consistent. You may sell cannon that can blow a fort to pieces or torpedoes that can send a battleship to the bottom, but if a pop-gun that could not make a dent on the side of a gunboat is mounted on a launch she becomes a "war ship," and under the absurdities of international law it is the duty of a neutral nation to prevent the departure of that formidable "war ship" from its ports. Remembering, as Mr. Wilson must very well have remembered, the *Alabama* case and the heavy damages in which Great Britain was mulcted for having permitted that vessel to be outfitted in a British port, it is perhaps not surprising that he should have prevented the building of submarines in this country rather than risk having to pay a heavy indemnity to Germany at the conclusion of the war.

The Germans accused Mr. Wilson of favoring the Allies because he did nothing to prevent the exportation of munitions of war sanctioned by international law, and they resented his refusal to receive delegations who wanted to enlist his support in behalf of Germany. This was convincing proof to them that the President was neutral in name only, that at heart he hoped for the success of the Allies and was using his influence in their behalf. The way to "get even" in America, to defeat a man or a policy,

to bring about a reform or even to change international law, is to drag it into domestic politics. If Mr. Wilson was pro-Ally the Germans must become his political opponents and bring him to his senses.

I do not believe Mr. Wilson personally was unduly disturbed by the knowledge of German opposition, but it gave some concern to the men close to him, who are interested in his future, and whose fortunes are wrapped up in his. At the first opportunity that was offered it was made clear that the Germans were determined to get their revenge on Mr. Wilson, and the result of the Congressional election last November showed that they threw their strength to the Republicans, except in those cases where a Democrat was pro-German and his influence and vote could be relied upon in their behalf.

Unconsciously men are influenced by their surroundings and associates, strive as they may not to allow their judgment to be swayed. How much of a "practical politician" Mr. Wilson is has yet to be determined, but assuming he has no gift for practical politics, his political advisers, the men whose business it is to know the drift of political sentiment and keep themselves in touch with public opinion, must have known the anger of the Germans and the way they took to show it; and it is fair presumption Mr. Wilson was not kept in ignorance. It is no doubt true he was repeatedly told during the past two months that the Democratic Party was in danger of defeat at the next election because the Germans almost to a man would vote with the Republicans, and that the Republicans were encouraging the Germans to believe that the Washington Administration was both unfriendly and unfair to them. Heretofore there has been no political solidarity among the Germans; they have been Repub-

licans in some States and Democrats in others; they have swung from party to party according as they believed their interests would best be served by a party or candidate. The party that can command the "German vote" can be sure of election.

Mr. Wilson himself may not be willing that his actions shall be influenced by political considerations, but some of his friends are. Politics have had something to do with the weakening of sentiment in favor of England, and they will have more to do with it before the war is over. It is one of the curious traits in the American character that while Americans almost without exception are opposed to war, almost every American approves of a vigorous foreign policy and enjoys seeing the United States remind Europe, and England especially, that it is not safe to take liberties. Party politics are forgotten when international questions arise. The American attitude was crystallized by a famous American in a sentence that is now historic: "My country, right or wrong, but always my country." That sentiment is as strong to-day as it ever was.

Political differences between nations are always unfortunate, questions involving so-called "national honor" arouse much ill-feeling and heat, because honor is a sacred thing, and a nation, no less than a man, must defend it; but nothing will so quickly create excitement and cause a demand for satisfaction as an injury to trade or commerce. Political questions may be open to discussion; some persons may not be so sensitive about national honor as others; but the pocket nerve is immediately responsive. It is a question of pocket that is affected by interference with the shipment of contraband, and there are seldom, if ever, two sides to that question. Industrially and commer-

cially the United States is suffering. Newspapers tell of the boom that is coming, merchants and manufacturers speak courageously and hopefully, but all this is whistling to keep up their courage. The editors of the same newspapers that tell of the boom will in private conversation bewail the loss of advertising revenue because times are bad and "the bottom has dropped out of business." One of the most prominent bankers in the United States told me a couple of days ago that the outlook was not hopeful; in his own words, "I am sailing very close to shore and running no chances of getting into deep water." Politicians of the opposing party and many business men blame the Democrats; the tariff and the laws recently enacted have, they say, brought about industrial paralysis. The Democrats, of course, refuse to admit this, but they must find an excuse, an explanation, a reason for what no man can deny. The war is the convenient scapegoat. On its broad back can be laid everything. It was the stupidity of the Democrats in passing a tariff Bill resulting in insufficient revenue that made it necessary for the Democrats to reimpose vexing inland revenue taxes, which are always objectionable to Americans, was the assertion of the Republicans. The Democrats attempted to show that it was only the war that reduced imports and therefore income must be derived from other sources. Now it is the action of England in seizing cargoes and detaining ships that, in the language of the President, "is responsible for the depression in certain industries."

It is convenient to have this excuse, and one may feel certain it will be made to do full service. A great many persons will believe what they are told, and not knowing the facts will assume it to be true. Men out of work will read that they are hungry

and unemployed because of something England has done. Manufacturers who are making no money will know the reason. Shopkeepers whose turnover is less this year than last will have a ready explanation.

For selfish purposes the offence with which England stands charged has been greatly exaggerated and its consequences magnified. There are certain men so sordid—such men are to be found in every country—that human misery counts for nothing if they can coin it to their own profit. These are the men who want to enjoy contraband trade with Germany, because Germany is willing to pay very high prices for contraband, and the opportunity is offered to make a fortune in a short time. These are the men who are so insistent upon having their "rights" protected and who are loudest in denouncing England for being "responsible for the depression in certain industries." They set afloat the stories of the thousands of men who have been thrown out of work and the millions of capital in jeopardy because England has interfered with their trade.

The papers were filled some little time ago with long accounts of the crisis in copper mining. The price of copper went to a figure so low that it was no longer profitable for the mines to produce and many of them closed down rather than work at a loss, which of course forced the miners to be idle, and this resulted in the mining companies suspending their dividends, which was a great hardship to many persons whose incomes were derived in whole or in part from copper investments. This unfortunate state of affairs was one of the consequences of the war but not the direct effect of the action of England in preventing copper going to Germany. The war not only curtailed American exports to neutral countries but reduced

consumption in the United States and brought about economy in every direction. Contemplated improvements and extensions in electrical lines, in which copper enters so largely, were suspended because bankers were unwilling to finance new enterprises until the future was more secure, building operations were deferred until a more propitious time. Yet if one is to believe certain newspapers—and the great majority has no other source of information than its newspapers—if a few cargoes of copper were permitted to be sent to Germany the copper industry instead of being in the depths of depression would be thriving.

It is the same with rubber. Very properly and compelled by imperative necessity, the British Government has placed an embargo on the exportation of rubber from British dependencies to the United States because of the knowledge that unless restrictions were enforced rubber would be sent to Germany, and without rubber Germany will be greatly embarrassed in carrying on the war. This, of course, is a blow at the American manufacturer, as the embargo has naturally sent up the price, and the manufacturers of tires, boots, and hundreds of other articles, who made contracts on the basis of the price of the raw material before the war now find themselves confronting heavy losses, and the shortage has become so great that factories may be compelled to suspend or curtail operations; a situation very similar to and brought about through the same causes that threw so many thousands of men in Lancashire out of work during the American Civil War.

In England at that time no one suggested that the action of the North was deliberately taken with the purpose to coerce England, or that American manufacturers hoped by stopping the supply of cotton to England to

profit by her extremity and secure the trade hitherto enjoyed by British manufacturers. That is the explanation offered by some American newspapers. Crude rubber, they tell their readers, is piling up in English warehouses, which the English manufacturer can buy at a ridiculously low figure and make it possible for him to undersell the American manufacturer not only in the foreign market but at home, thereby threatening the employment of a quarter of a million men and making millions of capital non-productive. Naturally this arouses feeling and weakens American sympathy.

The Germans and their Press in the United States—and the German papers are many, widely scattered and are doing effective work in spreading lies among the Germans—are making the most of these charges, thus deepening the impression that England, pretending friendship, is pursuing a policy detrimental to American interests and under cover of the necessities of war is selfishly using its opportunity to obtain trade which it could not secure by legitimate means. It also makes it possible for them to accuse the President of being weak, of tamely submitting to England, which, they assert, he is not unwilling to do because he is really an enemy of Germany. This campaign has not been without effect, as is seen in the numerous Bills introduced in Congress—which at the time I write are under consideration by their respective committees—to prohibit the exportation of all war material, on the ground that it is a violation of neutrality, because the Allies alone can draw supplies from the United States as the sea is closed to Germany.

As might be expected the German Press gives enthusiastic support to the agitation, which says that if the exportation of war material were pre-



vented the war would end in ninety days; but a somewhat disturbing sign is that some American newspapers also approve the enactment of this legislation, their far-fetched argument being that as only the enemies of Germany are able to buy war material in this country, the embargo would restore equality, and in that way the United States would be acting in accordance with the real spirit of neutrality.

In all probability the trade in war material will not be interfered with and there will be no change in the well-established principles of international law, which make it as legitimate to sell arms to a belligerent as to a neutral. The trade is too valuable to be interrupted, and American manufacturers are profiting too greatly by the European demand to submit to having that source of revenue cut off. But the patriotism of German-Americans knows no limits. They would be perfectly willing to damage American industry if they could advance the

*The National Review.*

German cause. The German in America, although naturalized and professing American allegiance, is still a German under the convenient provisions of German law. He is in America what he is in England, pretending to have become part of his adopted country but still loyal to the country of his origin and using his advantages and opportunities to serve his own people and Government no matter what harm he may do to the people and the Government who have offered him an asylum, who have enabled him to escape from Prussian militarism, who have set him on his feet and put in his hands the power to shape politics. What the Germans in America hope for, what they are working for unceasingly, is to bring about a rupture between the United States and Great Britain in the hope of making the United States an ally of Germany, and if they cannot succeed in that, at least to destroy the friendly relations now existing between England and America.

*A. Maurice Low.*

## BOY SCOUTS IN WAR TIME.

When I had the privilege of giving to the readers of the *Fortnightly* a descriptive sketch of the development of the Boy Scout movement some short time ago, little did I think that Sir Robert Baden-Powell's wonderful organization would be called upon so early in its career to contribute its quota to King and Empire. That it has more than justified its existence no one will gainsay. It has earned more praise and more encomiums; it has received a publicity greater than any amount of propaganda work could ever convey; it has achieved the summit of its ambition, and its founder is, indeed, a proud man to-day. Sir Robert Baden-Powell believed, and

time has justified his belief, that under his happy scheme of teaching boys the elementary principles of the backwoodsmen—i.e., "Scouting"—or, in other words, training them to use their eyes and hands for any emergency, or for ordinary work-a-day requirements—the boys themselves would be greatly benefited and the nation as a whole would in the future reap the advantage.

Let me tell the story of how the Boy Scouts have justified all that has been claimed for them, and how the Empire has reason to be proud of this youthful army.

Immediately on the declaration of war, when our Army and Navy chiefs



were busy with mobilization, the Boy Scout chief also began his task; Boy Scouts, too, were mobilized, and they instantly became an essential feature in the machinery of administration. Ten minutes in or near any Government department in the earliest days of the crisis must have convinced the most obstinate unbelievers in the movement that without the Boy Scouts the War Office, the Admiralty, Command headquarters, etc., would have run themselves to a standstill long ago.

Within a week the Chief Scout had mobilized the whole of the 22,000 lads in the metropolis, and given orders for a similar embodiment of the scouts all over the country. Although the movement is totally devoid of militarism in any shape or form, Sir Robert made it known that there were duties within the sphere of almost every Government department which Boy Scouts could undertake. Accordingly, Scouts were employed on the following duties:—

Handing out notices to inhabitants, and other duties connected with billeting, commandeering, warning, &c.

Carrying out communications by means of despatch riders, signallers, wireless, &c.

Guarding and patrolling bridges, culverts, telegraph lines, &c., against damage by individual spies.

Collecting information as to supplies, transport, &c., available.

Carrying out organized relief measures among inhabitants.

Helping families of men employed in defence duties, or sick or wounded.

Establishing first aid, dressing, or nursing stations, refuges, dispensaries, soup kitchens, &c., in their club rooms.

Acting as guides, orderlies, &c.

Forwarding despatches dropped by aircraft.

Sea Scouts watching estuaries and ports, guiding vessels in unbuoyed channels, or showing lights to friendly

vessels, &c., and assisting coastguards.

This list, of course, does not exhaust all the duties within the scope of the ubiquitous Scout; it merely gave an outline which local Scout Commissioners were asked to elaborate to suit the local requirements after consultation with the Chief Constable and other defence authorities. It was not long after the issue of these suggested activities that the Scouts "got busy," and at the present moment, in point of fact, there are between three and four thousand scouts in London alone lending a hand in every channel of activity the war has opened up. Morning, noon, and night, everywhere, doing all sorts of things and helping everybody within their power, Sir Robert Baden-Powell's brave little chaps are to the fore. They are making history, and not only in Britain, but in France and Belgium, aye, and in Germany, too! I do not assert that they are doing men's work in every instance; but it would take a good deal of space to place on record the full measure of activity of the cheerful members of the Boy Scouts' Association.

Very few outside the movement have any idea, I fear, of the training which a Boy Scout undergoes—a training which has eminently fitted him for the call made upon his services at the present juncture. A Boy Scout has no less than fifty-two different subjects in which he is coached to qualify, in order that he may secure the treasured badges of efficiency. These badges cover a variety of subjects, from bee-farming to surveying; but I am more concerned in showing how the Scout training in special subjects has brought these lads so much to the front in the days of the national crisis.

The Scout Cyclist is everywhere to be seen on Government service, and before he is allowed to wear the

cyclist badge he must sign a certificate that he owns a bicycle in good working order, which he is willing to use in the King's service if called upon at any time in case of emergency. He must be able to ride his bicycle satisfactorily and repair punctures, etc. He must be able to read a map and repeat correctly a verbal message. Before employing a number of these cyclists the Acting Quarter-master-General of the Eastern Command gave them a "knowledge of London" test that might have puzzled the most competent "taxi" driver. These lads came very successfully through the test, and are now acting for the headquarters of the Eastern and other Commands.

Of inestimable value to troops drafted into different parts of the country and the coast must be the Scout "pathfinder." Few people who have not studied the movement can have any idea of the real hard work and persevering effort that a lad has to put in before he can obtain the coveted "pathfinder's" badge. To secure it a boy must pass a difficult examination in knowing every lane, by-path and short cut for a distance of, at least, two miles in every direction around the local Scouts' headquarters in the country, or for one mile if in a town, and to have a general knowledge of the district within a five-mile radius of his local headquarters, so as to be able to guide people at any time by day or night. In addition, he must know the general direction of the principal neighboring towns for a distance of twenty-five miles, and be able to give strangers clear directions how to get to them. Again, in the country, in a two-mile radius he must know the names of the different farms, their approximate acreage and stock, or in a town, in a half-mile radius know the principal livery stables, corn chandlers, forage

merchants, bakers and butchers. Thus, "Pathfinder" Scouts must have been of immense service to troops billeting in the country prior to their embarkation for the Continent.

Scout signallers are being utilized by the Admiralty, and the test a boy must pass before he can wear the "crossed flags" includes sending and receiving in semaphore and Morse, by flag, minimum rate twenty-four letters per minute for Morse, thirty-six for semaphore. He must give and read letters by sound; make correct smoke and flame signals with fires; show the method of signalling with the staff. I need not continue this line further in order to indicate how highly useful are the Boy Scouts undertaking duty in any of the spheres of activity previously mentioned.

Their utility in a more civic rôle has also been recognized. To the staff of workers at the War Office have been added over two hundred Boy Scouts. Some, provided with bicycles, are messengers—swift, silent little fellows—taking their orders from the sergeants in the main halls, and returning with envelopes of the letters they have delivered marked with the time of delivery. Other Scouts are employed all over the building as office boys, running about like so many mice among the big men. Nor are all the Scouts very small youngsters either. At least a dozen at the War Office are long, willowy fellows, regular "six-footers," and looking still more elongated in their familiar "shorts" and bare knees. Every official, high and low, is delighted with the work of these youngsters, and the authorities are paying each of the lads 1s. per day as remuneration.

The divisional officer of a Labor Exchange complimented the 4th Aldershot Troop for its services during the recent mobilization. The lads were entrusted with the duty of guiding the

various parties of men required by the various units, and were held responsible for handing them over at the proper barracks or depôts wherever required, bringing back receipts, showing that the men had arrived safely at their allotted station.

It is not surprising, therefore, to recall the fact that, in view of the public services which have been (and are being) rendered by the Boy Scouts' Association, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War should have given the Association authority to announce that the regulation uniform of the Baden-Powell Boy Scout is recognized by His Majesty's Government as the uniform of a public service non-military body. Obviously, this recognition on the part of the Government has caused immense satisfaction amongst the rank and file of this miniature army, but some criticism is voiced in certain quarters. The movement, it is stated, has always been supported on the understanding that it is non-military, and the present association of the Scouts with the naval and military services seems to have given rise to some confusion of thought in the matter. A careful perusal of the announcement of "recognition," however, should set at rest all but the most squeamish minds. "The uniform," it states, "is recognized by His Majesty's Government as the uniform of a public service *non-military body*."

Nothing could be more explicit than this official emphasis that the service required of the Scouts is *public service* and not *military duty*. There are a hundred and one ways in which such a splendidly-trained body of lads can assist the Government in such times as the present with no more formidable weapon than the Scout pole! The desirability of recognition of the uniform is as obvious as the need for the recognition of the postman, who is

not usually regarded as a fighting unit.

Coupled with this mark of approval came that of Lord Kitchener, who has always been a very strong admirer and supporter of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's organization. (Parenthetically, I might add that on the War Secretary's suggestion, General Noghi—the famous Japanese soldier—gladly consented to inspect a troop of Scouts ("Lord Kitchener's Own") one Saturday morning before 8 A.M. in Hyde Park.)

The Chief Scout records this interesting conversation:—"Lord Kitchener said to me the other day, 'What a splendid thing this war is for you.' I protested that I did not see it, since I am on the retired list, and therefore not in it. But he quickly corrected me. 'I don't mean for you personally,' he said; 'I mean for the Scouts.' He then went on to give the most encouraging comment on their work, and paid a tribute to the value of the assistance of the boys who were whole-hearted in their work and could be trusted to carry it out to the best of their ability. 'The Scouts were a great asset to the nation,' said Lord Kitchener."

Sentiment like that coming from such an authority carries with it unassailable conviction. But, of course, nowadays everybody knows it, only it is necessary sometimes to reiterate even the merest commonplace. I do not wonder that almost every healthy boy in the land wants to come out now in the ranks of the Scouts. But Boy Scouts cannot be made in a day, and those who are of the greatest value now are those who have served during past years, when the "Bare-knees" were not quite so popular.

The possession of knowledge makes a gifted boy, and adds power to his mental equipment; that seems a worn-out thought, I know, but I venture to

offer it, because the boy who can send a message by day or night over a wide tract of country, who can do wonders with ropes and cords, who can bandage a wound and set a limb, who can find his way by the stars in an unfamiliar district, and who can do a hundred other things of like nature, is not made in a night or two.

The fact that he is handy also foretells that he can add to his stock a working knowledge of strange crafts with a brief preliminary canter. With all his numerous little attributes, to which he is for ever adding, he rarely becomes insufferable and never becomes churlish, as clever chaps sometimes do. It does not arouse much wonder, then, that one of our greatest soldiers has time and inclination to call the organization "a national asset."

There is no tendency to smile in these times at the sturdy self-confidence and quiet self-possession of the smallest of Boy Scouts. They have been tried and proved, and have very rarely been known to fail in the tasks allotted to them, however onerous and responsible. They are ready to go anywhere and do anything, and since the war began they have released many men from their ordinary tasks who were needed to serve their country. It may be said that nearly the whole eastern coast of Great Britain is patrolled by Boy Scouts, thus coastguardsmen, who, as naval reservists, were wanted for sea service, have been available. The lads act as orderlies and camp assistants to our soldiers and territorials, and officers are eager to testify to their alertness and smartness in doing whatever is required of them. As for the coastal patrol duty done by Sea Scouts, that is of inestimable value, and old sailors and others who are brought into contact with them are unanimous in their praise; and the general answer when

one asks an old coastguardsman who has Scouts as his auxiliaries how they are getting on is: "I don't know what we should do without them!"

Sir Robert personally visited the coast to see how the "sea" patrols were carrying out the duties assigned to them, and he reports that everything he saw gave him the utmost pleasure. The Admiralty were so highly delighted with the help of these lads, and their great assistance to the coastguards, that they asked for a further supply, so that now there are 1,800 at work. An astonishing mark of approval, surely! Each coastguard station has a patrol of either six or eight Scouts working under the orders of the petty officer in charge. Two boys are generally on duty while the others are resting, or cooking, or cleaning up. Their business is to keep watch and to patrol the shore to see that no suspicious people are about looking for landing places, taking photos, or preparing signals in order to help an enemy desirous of landing. Also they have to look out for any strange boats or vessels coming to the coast, at night time especially, to act as scouts for landing parties.

Inland, away from the coast, all the main telegraph lines are guarded by Boy Scouts. These are camped in patrols about every two miles along the roads, and each patrol sends out a pair of Scouts every hour to see that no one tampers with the wires. In one instance their watchfulness was rewarded with the arrest of three spies.

The Chief Scout rightly terms his youthful "warriors" as the Men of the Second Line, and I cannot better his own word-picture of the work of his Sea Scouts:—

"Our Fleet is doing its wonderful work unheard, unseen, away over the horizon there. This watchful waiting in the murk of the cold North Sea is

unobserved except when brought to light by gallant dashes or sudden disasters. But where should we be without it?

"Far back behind it stands its second line, in these youthful watchers, earnest and untiring, rising like men to the responsibilities placed upon them; very small, indeed, unheard, unseen, but still this little line is watching every part of our East coast by day and by night—and most especially in the raw cold fog; each boy ready to do his best. And the verdict of the professional old sailors who might well be laughing at these 'youngsters trying to ape the men' is summed up in the phrase, 'I don't know what I should do without them—and that's a fact.'"

And now I will digress for a moment from my story to make an appeal. These boys must be kept at their posts through the winter. During the winter days of fog and fading light the closest watch must be kept uninterruptedly. The least that can be done for the lads is to clothe them warmly. The boys, many of them, are not well-to-do; and boys' clothes have a knack of wearing out. I am sure the devotion of the wearers and their loyalty to the cause will not wear out, nor will their fervor become chilled by the winds that sweep eastwards from the North Sea; but it is only fair that their young blood should be kept somewhere near blood-heat if it can be managed. How? By providing them with good, serviceable warm greatcoats; knitted things are not so useful as greatcoats. Fifteen shillings is sufficient to furnish a Scout with an adequate kit, and if any kindly-disposed reader would like to provide this needy article he might communicate direct with the Scouts' Headquarters at 116 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Naturally, the war and the duties the Scouts have been called upon to perform in connection with it have

given a great fillip to the movement, and large numbers of boys, fired by the example of their fellows, have shown great eagerness to join Scout troops. The only drawback is the scarcity of Scoutmasters, which is more pronounced than ever now that so many have enlisted or joined the Territorials. It may be pointed out to the many men who, in consequence of their years, defective sight, or some slight physical deficiency, have been prevented from fulfilling their dearest wish of joining Kitchener's Army, that they still have a first-class opportunity of serving the country by offering themselves as Scoutmasters. A Scoutmaster can be of any age from eighteen to fifty, and there should be thousands willing, as well as able, to serve in that capacity. They will then be entitled to wear a uniform, and to learn and impart the disciplinary duties and drill which are a part of the training of Scouts. The boys cannot do without leaders.

The Chief Scout is also desirous of securing for his boys a sufficiency of training whereby they may be of even greater service to the country than they are at present. At some subsequent period—who knows?—it may be found expedient to reduce the height standard, permitting younger men of smaller size to be recruited. In view of this possibility Sir Robert suggests the immediate formation of "Bantam Battalions," so that the moment the door is opened "we can step in with a corps all ready trained for service." The way to do this, says the Chief Scout, is for every Scout between sixteen and eighteen to send in his name to his Scoutmaster as willing to serve, if called upon. The candidates could then be grouped in patrols for self-training, and commence at once to perfect themselves in rifle shooting, judging distance, signalling, pioneering, entrenching, drill in accordance



with the Army book, *Infantry Training*, scouting, first-aid, and field cooking.

Much of this work can be done in the evenings locally at Troop headquarters. The Patrol-Leader should be appointed only on probation at first, in order to get the best men for the purpose. Commissioners and Associations should obtain the help of local rifle clubs, and of instructors among old sportsmen, gamekeepers, etc., to improve their rifle-shooting. The Chief Scout has already received a big response to this suggestion, and the formation of "Bantam Battalions" is in progress all over the country. When the organization is complete it is proposed to create a section of cyclists amongst those who own bicycles; and also a signalling corps, containing despatch riders, trained orderlies, and signallers. These will all be of special value if they have properly trained themselves beforehand.

For the orderly corps, each patrol is a self-contained unit, carrying its own camp kit and cooking equipment with it, each man having his own machine, lamp, and repairing outfit, and trained to orderly duties; that is, carrying messages in his head and being able to repeat them at the end of a long run; and being able to find his way about by map in a strange country, whether by day or night; and being able to signal both Morse and semaphore, and to understand despatch riding, tracking, and concealing himself.

Recently we heard of German Boy Scouts being employed to the number of ten to each battalion as cyclist orderlies, messengers, etc., and also of boys of sixteen being enlisted for the German Army, and now we hear from Russia that as boys are not yet required for their Army, they are going off and smuggling themselves to the

Front. The police stations at Petrograd are busy trying to trace boys every day, who have run away from home to get to the war. Of course, these boys will be of no use when they get there, and having had no training in shooting, camping, drilling, nor in looking after themselves, will only be sent back.

This new scheme may be fraught with untold advantages in the event of great emergency. Eminent military authorities have shown that there is a possibility if the war on the Continent does not soon show tangible results that Germany may yet stake her "all" on a blow at Great Britain. The military correspondent of the *Times* writes:—

"We must expect to be attacked at home, and must not rest under any comfortable delusion that we shall not be assailed."

With our Regular Army abroad, and reinforcements constantly needed to maintain it, any man that can be trained for the defence of the Homeland will be of value. A boy of sixteen, trained to discipline and marksmanship, will then be worth a dozen men trained to nothing in particular. If the Scouts can supply a few thousand such lads on a sudden emergency, they might prove invaluable to their country at a critical time.

It must not be supposed that the activities of the Boy Scouts are confined solely to England because it so happens that the founder of the movement is in this country. In France the Boy Scouts are playing a noble part in the service of their country, and are doing all that boys may do to assist the authorities. Every hospital in Paris (which I recently visited under the guidance of an eminent surgeon) seems to have its quota of Boy Scout helpers. They are all doing admirable work; they fetch and carry with remarkable alacrity, an-



swer inquiries promptly and intelligently, and generally carry out the tenets of their creed. The other day I heard of how one of them has contributed matter for the historian's pen. He was one of a family of eight, hailing from Morlaix and aged fifteen. Four of his brothers joined the Colors on mobilization, but Lucien was left behind in consequence of his youthfulness. He was attached, however, for duty to a temporary hospital in the neighborhood, and zealously carried out every mission entrusted to him; but the desire to see and take part in the fighting consumed him. He succeeded in obtaining his parents' permission to serve in a hospital for the duration of the war. Provided with this he got himself attached to a line regiment. Without notifying his family, he left home in September, pleading that it was necessary he should spend that night at the hospital. Since then he has not returned. And for the best of reasons. On the morning after he left home he went off to the Front, shouldering his musket with the best of his comrades in the fighting in the Argonne.

Only now do his family know of his doings. In a remarkable letter to his parents the lad explains the reason of his absence, proudly narrates how he surprised a couple of Germans secreted behind a tree and shot them point-blank, and casually mentions that he has been wounded by a shell and is now "resting." "It was nothing," he says, adding, "I have a pair of German field-glasses and a German sword-bayonet."

German Boy Scouts, too, are very much to the fore in the operations. They were utilized by the Army of Occupation since it entered Brussels, and I also hear that they have been very active in the field. Of course, the German Scouts have always been trained more particularly as soldiers, but

none the less, they have carried out the Scout Law. They wear practically the same uniform as the British and Belgian Boy Scouts, but their distinctive badge (worn on the arm) is circular in design, with the centre divided into three segments of black, white, and red, surrounded by three circles, the outer one being black.

They are used as couriers to carry despatches between various headquarters, sometimes riding bicycles or motor-cycles, but oftener carried in military motor-cars. They are equipped with field-glasses and memorandum-books. Only one Boy Scout seen by my informant was armed, and he carried a magazine pistol in his belt. Frequently a Boy Scout is taken with an officer when the latter leaves Brussels on an important mission, and they are seen riding through the territory occupied by the German troops, side by side.

In Belgium the Boy Scouts gave a splendid account of themselves up till the last. From the very moment when they were asked to supply about twenty messengers for the military stores they have been despatch-bearers, orderlies, and, above all, the general attendants and organizers of the horde of refugees which fled into Ghent after the flight from Louvain. These had numbered 25,000 up to the time the Scouts were disbanded. In this respect the Scouts ranked with the Civic Guard, and it was arranged for them to disband at the same time, when the Germans were four miles from Ghent. They then came to London, and immediately offered their services for duty in England. Ten of these Scouts are now in residence in the West of England, provided for them by the Taunton and West Somerset Boy Scouts, who took and furnished a large house in the town for their Belgian comrades. A visit to the Belgian Scouts' Home elicited

some interesting stories of gallant service and thrilling adventure. Nearly all these lads are able to speak English through contact with the British troops during the war. They related that all Scouts over sixteen were armed and attached to various branches of the Belgian forces when Germany began to invade their country. Some were engaged as despatch-carriers, for which purpose they had used bicycles, motor-cycles, horses, and motor-cars; one lad, named Henri Willems, being an experienced motorist. Five of the party were Belgian Red Cross workers, helped to bring in the wounded from the trenches, and assisted the doctors in the field hospitals. In the early stages of the war the Antwerp Scouts did much risky and exciting work in tracking down and arresting German spies. One lad spoke with pride of the fact that his troop succeeded in capturing half a dozen of the enemy within their gates. Upon the fall of Antwerp the Scouts escaped at one end of the city while the German troops were entering at the other. With great difficulty they reached Ostend, where they took up duty under the Belgian Ministers of War and the Interior, but when their Government left for Havre they were told that it was not necessary for them to go into France. Eventually they were dispatched to England with wounded soldiers in their care, and on reaching this country they were informed that they must regard themselves as refugees.

The most noteworthy achievements were those accomplished by Henri Willems, who drove his own motor-car as a despatch-carrier for a considerable period after the war started. He was able to point with pride to photographs which recently appeared in the English illustrated daily papers showing him driving about Belgian staff officers, and with Mr. J. Single-

ton, an Englishman, who was chief of the scouting service for the fortifications of Antwerp.

In one photograph he was the lad with the lance which he had captured from a Uhlan in a very daring exploit. He said he obtained the lance when driving one day towards Tirlemont. On the road he came upon three horses, which he found to be the mounts of German Uhlans. He unsaddled one, and brought the saddle and lance back to his car. He was chased by the Uhlans, and shots rained around him. Returning the fire, he killed one of the enemy, and the others thereupon abandoned the chase. He came into contact with three English war correspondents, and one day took them for a tour in his car. Early in October he received a letter from London asking him to act as a special photographic correspondent for Antwerp and the whole of Belgium, having been recommended by one of the English correspondents who was obliged to return home.

One cannot help thinking how much easier will be the problems of a generation whose manhood will have been trained in the discipline and ideals of the movement. It seems to me that before this terrible war is ended there will be calls upon personal service beyond what some of us imagine. In the splendid behavior and genuine enthusiasm of the Boy Scouts it is easy to find the seriousness of purpose with which these youthful helpers can view the graver affairs of life. Already many of them have rendered valuable assistance, and before the war is over we shall have cause to admire the practical resourcefulness and energy of the boys in many ways that do not involve their going into personal danger.

That the Scout movement has won its spurs no one will deny. The misguided folk who were apt to snigger

at this youthful army have doubtless already felt thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Those who scoffed at the movement as being one for keeping youngsters pottering about country lanes on Saturday afternoons have also, I hope, revised their opinions. In Lord Kitchener's well-placed praise these Scouts are a national asset—a backbone of quality and strength, offering for our beloved Empire a future greater than our glorious past.

Finally, let me add that not only  
The Fortnightly Review.

are the Scouts demonstrating their practical utility in the sphere of usefulness at home; there is not a trench, I make bold to say, that has not held amongst its occupants a former Scout or Scoutmaster. Many of them have already laid down their lives for King and Country, and when the Scouts' Roll of Honor is eventually made known it will be found to contain an enormous percentage of those who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of Truth and Honor.

W. Cecil Price.

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## THE POMANDERS.

By ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE DISCONSOLATE.

As I quitted the house, that Scotch housekeeper appeared from some part of the lower regions and ushered me forth. And as the bright light of day streamed through the open door and rested for a moment on her grim features, I realized what that house must be to Bessie. At the time, I think if it had not been for the obstacles created by civilization, I would have wrung that old wretch's neck as cheerfully as I have no doubt she had often wrung many a chicken's.

The fact that I did not do so positively gave me a feeling of failure of duty.

But that view of her as she sourly sent me out left me in little doubt as to the nature of Bessie's temporary home. Such a housekeeper was impossible without the sanction of the head of the house, and in imagination I could see the head, the aunt as well—another grim, suspicious, Sabbatical old Pharisee stamping on all the innocent pleasures of life and calling them sin, and, in the supposed interests of religion or virtue, or Heaven knows what, condemning the young life of

Bessie to a dull round of monotonous drudgery. "A nice walk" would probably form her dally recreation, and reading a good book to her aunt would doubtless occupy the greater part of the rest of the day. It was indeed exceedingly lucky that I had chanced to find Bessie alone.

But why did she submit to it, I wondered.

Assuming that the family were not ready to receive her in Canada, was there no other haven in the whole of these wide isles ready to welcome such a winsome child?

I suppose the answer must have been—no. But if so, there is something wrong somewhere. Personally I have no reason to complain of the distribution of wealth. I have got my share; but there is certainly something wrong with the distribution of human beings if it does not provide for a better allotment for a girl like Bessie.

Of course I know there are people who would say that a house like that was the sphere to which she had been called. That it was her opportunity to bring light and brightness and the warmth of love into the home, and so

on. Pah! What stuff! People who talk in that way are impossible and are the near relatives of that Scotch housekeeper. Light and brightness indeed! If I know anything of human nature that housekeeper and her mistress were of the type of which Shakespeare spoke in another connection:—

"You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main tide bate his usual height,  
You may as well use question with the wolf  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?),  
His Jewish heart."

Yes. But it would have been easier for Bessie to soften the heart of Shylock, I am convinced, than the hearts of her aunt and her aunt's domestic chancellor, for they belonged to the order of righteous beings who have a deliberate scheme of existence whose chief end is to make life miserable. In making it miserable for other people they achieve a certain gratified exaltation for themselves. To such "chosen people" merriment and brightness and the warmth of love are but wiles of the devil, and the person who would promote such things is his ally.

I have not met many such people, but I know them when I do meet them, and my opinion of the household was confirmed by subsequent information. The aunt proved to be just that delightful type of character who was entirely satisfied with herself, held strict and limited notions,

thought she had been extremely kind to Bessie by providing her with a home, and was not backward in bringing the fact to Bessie's notice with sufficient frequency.

What a home for Bessie! No wonder she had grown pale. No wonder she cried.

But no amount of speculation as to causes and consequences could alter the facts, and the practical question was—how to effect a change.

Having absent-mindedly travelled past my destination on the bus (I used to have a liking for surveying the world from the top of a bus; it is an exalted situation suited to the dignity of a philosopher), and being near his rooms, it occurred to me to call on Foddles. I might find him in.

I do not know that it is a usual practice to consult one's friends about matrimonial difficulties, but in this case we were both in the same boat, as it were, each faced with the same problem, though in slightly different phase. Besides, Foddles was such an old friend, and calm unfettered discussion tends to clarity of thought.

I was glad that I found Foddles in his rooms.

He thought I had called to discuss Boulangos shares, and he appeared mightily interested in that matter, but as I had no better information than he had himself, the subject soon dropped. I may say, however, that Foddles' respect for my judgment in brokery problems had been revived since the Boulangos meetings. He again believed me, I think, to be that remarkable animal, a "dark horse," and he was continually enquiring.

But I had other matters on my mind then, and I enquired of Foddles when he had last heard from Eva.

Foddles had not heard at all, and also thought I had asked merely for the purpose of annoying him.

When he eventually discovered that I was serious, he broke into renewed invective over the fact that Eva had disgraced herself in his eyes by becoming a governess.

Notwithstanding that, I gathered that there still rested in Foddles' weary heart a certain tenderness which might enable him to overlook her misdeeds.

But then, even supposing he did, that did not settle the question so far as Eva was concerned.

I remember that Foddles was not very well that day. He lay in a dressing-gown upon a sofa, and moodily smoked a cigarette. He was in a thoroughly matrimonial mood too.

"I'm sick of this," he said several times. Then he detailed part of his life for my information, or for the information of space. He did not seem to be addressing me in particular while he spoke.

"I've been to all the variety halls," he said. "I've been to all the theatres; I've been to all the operas; I've seen all the musical comedies; I've played billiards; I've played cards; I've played golf; I've been to Brighton; I've been to Cowes regatta; I've been and done and seen every blessed thing under the sun, and I'm sick of it all."

"The new Solomon," I suggested.

Foddles stared at me.

"All is vanity and vexation of spirit," I murmured.

"Don't be an ass," said Foddles, and then relapsed into gloomy silence.

Knowing him well, I paid no attention to his remark.

"I'm sick of living in rooms all alone too," he said. "Man was not born to be alone, or with a landlady." As he spoke he savagely dug a hole with his heel in his landlady's horse-hair sofa.

I was really sorry for Foddles. I knew he was a good-hearted man, and

his grief was perfectly genuine. I almost forgot my own difficulties in contemplating his woe.

"Write to her," I suggested.

"I think I will write," he said, "and I'll tell her what I think of her." The tone of Foddles' voice did not suggest that he intended to express excessive admiration.

"And if she sticks over my name again I'll tell her she's a cat."

I confess I felt myself unable to decide what effect that might have on Eva.

"It's a perfectly good name," said Foddles. "I've got accustomed to it, and I'm quite contented with it. I don't see why she should make so much noise about it."

"It's always the little things that count," I murmured.

Foddles answered not at all.

"She has never taken you seriously," I suggested.

"Why shouldn't she?" he replied.

Remembering Foddles' hilarious conduct during some part of his visit to Pomander Farm, I had my own ideas on the matter, but I said nothing.

Then it suddenly occurred to him to ask about Bessie.

I told him that she was in London, and I had seen her that morning.

"I think I'll marry her instead," he said suddenly.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I interposed. "I gave you a free field in the beginning, and you made your choice. There'll be no bartering now."

For the first time since I had called Foddles became quite merry.

"Ho! ho!" he said. "At last. Sits the wind in that quarter? I thought the philosopher would come off his perch."

"I am still a philosopher," I said.

"A philosopher in chains," said Foddles, and seemed immensely gratified.

However, he listened with sym-



pathetic interest to the story of my visit, and joined with me in condemnation of the household in which she dwelt.

I did not enter upon the more intimate details, because there are some things in life which one hardly cares to tell. But Foddles' curiosity was aroused, and he began to put questions.

"Have you proposed to her?" he asked.

I fancy I was slow in answering, but as he had told me of his affair, I could scarcely conceal my own. So I admitted the charge.

After that I remember Foddles paused for some time, and then with the manner of a criminal judge, he leaned forward and asked me—"Has she rejected you?"

I said "Yes."

Thereupon Foddles held out his hand sympathetically, and shook mine in the blood-brotherhood style.

Having performed that ceremony, he remained some time in thought.

Eventually he asked, "What is her reason?"

In response to his query I explained that she supposed I acted merely from pity.

At that Foddles looked at me curiously. "I shouldn't wonder if she's right," he said. "After all, you're just an amiable theorist. Her discomfort probably disturbs some of your theories of existence."

"Her discomfort is a condemnation of the whole social system," I said. "There ought to be a means whereby every being should be utilized according to the best purposes for which they are capable."

"Ah, well," he said wearily (I suppose he feared I was about to deliver a theoretical discourse), "I daresay you will prove to be the means in this case." And that was one saying of Foddles which peculiarly gratified

me, for if I were to be such a means, I should have indeed achieved.

Foddles subsequently ruminated for a time, and mused amid curling cigarette columns. "Funny we should both be boxed up with the same family," he said. "Nothing very tremendous about them; no great social position; no grandeur; only very nice girls with the right kind of feeling—homely and happy and kind-hearted."

"And generous and noble," I added. Foddles nodded dreamily.

"Ah, well," he said, "we appear to have made up our minds anyhow. The only question is how we are to get them, since they're so obstinate."

"That's it," I agreed.

"There's nothing for it but to treat them like the Sabine women," said Foddles. "We must abduct them!"

At first his suggestion startled me. But on consideration I was not appalled. I did not think Bessie would be very sorry to be abducted from her aunt's house.

"They'll probably rather enjoy it," said Foddles, "though I'm afraid it'll give everybody a lot of trouble."

"I daresay," I said, "but it's probably the simplest plan after all."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE WANDERER RETURNS.

It did not happen. I am sorry. To my mind there is a seductive flavor of romance about the idea of abduction. There was something particularly alluring about it in the case of two respectable citizens of the city of London living towards the end of the nineteenth century. With all our modern respectability life has lost so much of its glamour, and here was an opportunity for one bright interlude. Of course abduction is only admissible in the case of the distressed damsel imprisoned by some unfeeling monster. But that, I humbly submit, was precisely the case of Bessie, and



for a short time I had glorious visions of the moment when I should lure her away to some woodland spot—Epping Forest perchance—and there the coach and four horses should be waiting and she should be borne swiftly away.

That was not a mere dream by any means. Remember that a philosopher who has made up his mind is a desperate fellow, and I should certainly have carried the thing through. My intentions were good and my determination high. We should undoubtedly have arrived at Gretna Green.

But Foddles dallied. Eva was far away, and he began to hesitate. Eventually he drew back altogether and hinted that I was an impossible maniac. That was just like him after being the originator of the scheme. Of course I could have gone on alone without Foddles, but I wanted a double event. Two abductions in the same family in one day! What an event for the newspapers if they got hold of it.

But Foddles' courage had completely oozed away. He said we'd simply be arrested and look a pair of fools. A nice life he would have on the Stock Exchange after that. (My maledictions on the Stock Exchange! It warps Foddles' views of life in every direction.)

Perhaps I should have proceeded alone, and if I had, Foddles was ready to give every assistance. He even offered to bring down a few bright boys from 'Change to act as postillions, or fight the police, or do any desperate work required. But it was not to be.

A week after my talk with Foddles Sturdy arrived home.

He drove up to the door of my residence at about ten o'clock, and my attention was called to his arrival not only from the noise made by the rattling of the cab on the cobbles of the quiet square where I dwelt, but also by the altercation which followed. I

heard a part of it through an open window which looked out on the square.

Sturdy was speaking when I went to the window to look out. "I tell ye in the middle of the journey," he was saying in testy tones, "that ye might drive as many miles round the town as ye liked, but ye'd get nae mair than yer fare and a thruppenny bit."

The cabman's answer was highly-colored, and I scarcely recollect its terms. It is perhaps as well that I do not.

In reply, Sturdy declared that he "kenned" London better than a native, and that the cabman need not think to "diddle" him.

Somehow the dispute terminated, but from its nature I concluded that Sturdy was still vigorous.

When he got to my room his appearance further convinced me of that. He was as brown as a berry and appeared to be in excellent health. Nevertheless he flung himself on a chair as if completely exhausted. "Eh, man, what a country!" he said. "To think that I've been half round the world and never lost a plack, and the very day I arrive in London I'm done by a thievin' deevil of a cabman."

I ventured to hint that he did not appear to have been done.

"Aye, but I was," he said. "His fare was one and sixpence, and I gied him half-a-crown to stop his gab."

So saying Sturdy sighed, took out his many-colored silk handkerchief and mopped his brow.

Thereafter he proceeded to tell me things about Mexico.

Extraordinary man! He spoke to me about the mountains and rivers and the vegetation and other natural features, subjects no doubt most interesting to a member of the Royal Geographical Society, but to me at the

time about as interesting as the differential calculus or any other indifferent subject. However, I knew his ways and was equal to the occasion. I commented placidly on his descriptions until such time as he saw fit to enter upon the real business.

Intermingled with his descriptions of the country was a fairly vivid description of the hardships which he had endured. He had been up hills and down dales, on horses' backs and mules' backs, and even (once crossing a river) on a nigger's back; he had also been driven in vehicles unmentionable. Altogether he had been "jostled and whummed and rattled about like a sack o' taties."

"Eh, Mr. Kerrendel," he wound up, "it was an awful expedection for an auld man like me. The wonder is I've come oot o' it alive."

Sturdy was very Scotch that day. I think in his vainer and more excitable moods he was always inclined to speak more in the Scotch dialect.

I remarked that he appeared to be better than ever.

But he shook his head mournfully—the old humbug! He just wanted to season his story and make great his achievements. And truly his achievements were great, and it was just his naïve pride in them which made him talk so. It was his little amiable weakness.

At last he came to the point. "We reached the mines," he said.

"Good," I said. "At all events there are mines."

"Oh, aye, the holes in the earth are there all right," he said.

I waited.

"We inspected the buildings," he said, "and we descended the mines, twa engineers and twa shareholders."

"And what did you find?" I asked.

"Find!" He stared at me grimly. "So far as I'm concerned I didna find anything at a' but a d—d evil-

smelling hole, where ye couldna see twa feet in front o' ye, and where the atmosphere was that hot that ye began to think ye weren't alive after a', but were in the next world afore yer time. By the time I was down that mine half an hour the only thing I was wantin' to find was the way oot. . . . And it wasna only me that thought that the gentleman in charge wouldna have been very sorry if we never found it, and maybe slipped down a hole by accident."

Sturdy paused and then continued his narrative with some earnestness. "If ever you want to have a foretaste of the next world, Mr. Kerrendel, you pay a visit to the Boulangos Soarantie Silver Mines, and after ye've spent half an hour of your spare time wanderin' about in blind alleys, knockin' your head against the walls, and meeting black deevils with gleaming eyes and tiger faces starting out on ye at unexpected turns, I think ye'll admit it helps you to realize."

"Na," he added. "I was no use doon there. It's no' in ma line. But we stuck to the engineers, and they pointed out the beauties of the scenery from time to time, so that I, at least, understand the configuration of the place for the purpose of explanation."

I agreed that that was as much as any person unversed in mining could do.

"Well," he continued, "the engineers went down three or four times after that . . . and a mighty hard job it was too, for the manager out there had apparently got private instructions to obstruct us as far as he decently could. And he did—more than decently. He refused to allow anybody to go down more than once. Said it wasn't in his instructions. Had no authority for more than one visit, and so on. It took about a week's cabling to put that right. But

when it was put right, then they got to work."

I waited expectantly.

"They got to work," he repeated, "and they've drafted a report between them which will blast that directorate out of existence."

"Splendid," I said.

"I don't know whether they're drunk or mad or merely incapable," he said, "but one thing is certain, and that is that they've made the most infernal mess of these mines. It's simple madness what they've been doing, and the queer thing is to know the reason of it, and who's responsible. The shares have been low enough for a long enough time now. What were they waiting for? Why did they not start to get the silver? It's fair incomprehensible. But there's one thing sure—they've all got to go—managers and directors and all."

"I've got a copy of the report." Here Sturdy pulled out the copy. "And it confirms every word of my former advice."

"Just listen to the way they end up their report on No. 1." He read—

"We are unable to state for what reasons or under what circumstances the No. 1 Mine has been and is being worked at the northmost end, but it is absolutely certain that such working is suicidal in the interests of the Mine and of the shareholders. Ore in paying quantities cannot be found there. On the other hand, the southern and western divisions of the Mine hold out the most splendid possibilities, and these sections of the Mine are being left untreated. After the detailed estimates given above, further comment is needless."

Sturdy looked at me triumphantly as he finished. "And it's just the same with Mines 2 and 3. There's been the devil at work, Mr. Kerrendel. I'll leave the copy report with

you, and you can read it for yourself, and ye'll see that in machinery and working and everything else it's simple devilry. Though why they've continued it so long is what I can't make out. . . . However, that's not for us to bother about. But somebody is going to be made unhappy."

From the grimness of Sturdy's look it struck me that the managing director certainly would find the world unpleasant.

While he was speaking I had been glancing at the typewritten report.

"This means fortune," I said.

"I think it does," he said with his usual caution. "It'll take a year or two to get things into shape, but with proper management they should prove some of the best silver mines in existence. Both engineers were in absolute agreement. The only difference between them was—how rich. The one thought more of them than the other. But it's the lowest estimate that's in the report, and that's good enough."

"It is," I agreed.

After that we were silent for a time. I suppose we both speculated on the result of riches.

"It will rebuild the house of Pomander," I said.

"I hope so," he said.

"There is no doubt," I said.

But he shook his head. "I am too old a bird," he said, "to commit myself to any prophecies on futures."

I remember a feeling of disappointment when he said that. But I put it aside and turned to another subject, which the mention of the Pomanders had brought to my mind.

"Did you find her in Mexico?" I enquired.

"Her?"

"Mackalrn's lady," I said.

"No," he answered, "I did not find her."

Then he paused.

"I traced her to her home," he said, "and found out some things about her. She was a half-breed, hot-blooded and passionate like these Southrons, and so she had more lovers than one. Her story was known all over the district, and I had no difficulty in learning it."

At this point Sturdy mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Perhaps that was on account of the heat of the day, or perhaps the recollection of

the dangers and difficulties he had come through made him feel hot again. He resumed in quietly informative tones. "She got ready one day, and rode away to go to the coast, so she said. Perhaps she was only going there, or perhaps she had been coming to Scotland. I do not know, and nobody knew. But another lover, it seems, was jealous. And so he killed her.

"They do these things in Mexico."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

### VII. SHOOTING STRAIGHT.

"What for is the wee felly gaun' tae show us puctures?"

Second Lieutenant Bobby Little, assisted by a sergeant and two unhandy privates, is engaged in propping a large and highly-colored work of art, mounted on a rough wooden frame and supported on two unsteady legs, against the wall of the barrack-square. A half-platoon of A Company, seated upon an adjacent bank, chewing grass and enjoying the mellow autumn sunshine, regard the swaying masterpiece with frank curiosity. For the last fortnight they have been engaged in inbibing the science of musketry. They have learned to hold their rifles correctly, sitting, kneeling, standing, or lying; to bring their backsights and foresights into an undeviating straight line with the base of the bull's-eye; and to press the trigger in the manner laid down in the Musketry Regulations—without wriggling the body or "pulling-off."

They have also learned to adjust their sights, to perform the loading motions rapidly and correctly, and to obey such simple commands as—

"*At them twa weemen*"—officers' wives, probably—"proceeding from left tae right across the square, at five hundred yairds"—they are really about fifteen yards away, covered with confusion—"five roonds, fire!"

But as yet they have discharged no shots from their rifles. It has all been make-believe, with dummy cartridges, and fictitious ranges, and snapping triggers. To be quite frank, they are getting just a little tired of musketry training—forgetting for the moment that a soldier who cannot use his rifle is merely an expense to his country and a free gift to the enemy. But the sight of Bobby Little's art gallery cheers them up. They contemplate the picture with childlike interest. It resembles nothing so much as one of those pleasing but imaginative posters by the display of which our Railway Companies seek to attract the tourist to the less remunerative portions of their systems.

"What for is the wee felly gaun' tae show us puctures?"

Thus Private Mucklewame. A pundit in the rear-rank answers him.

"Yon's Gairmany."

"Gairmany ma auntie!" retorts Mucklewame. "There's no chumney-stalks in Gairmany."

"Maybe no; but there's wundmulls. See the wundmull there—on you wee knowe!"

"There's a pit-heid!" exclaims another man. This homely spectacle is received with an affectionate sigh. Until two months ago more than half the platoon had never been out of sight of at least half a dozen.

"See the kirk, in ablow the brae!" says some one else, in a pleased voice. "It has a nock in the steeple."

"I hear they Gairmans send signals wi' their kirk-nocks," remarks Private M'Micking, who, as one of the Battalion signallers—or "buzzers," as the vernacular has it, in imitation of the buzzing of the Morse instrument—regards himself as a sort of junior Staff Officer. "They jist semaphore with the haunds of the nock——"

"I wonder," remarks the dreamy voice of Private M'Leary, the humorist of the platoon, "did ever a Gairman buzzer pit the ba' through his ain goal in a fitba' match?"

This irrelevant reference to a regrettable incident of the previous Saturday afternoon is greeted with so much laughter that Bobby Little, who has at length fixed his picture in position, whips round.

"Less talking there!" he announces severely, "or I shall have to stand you all at attention!"

There is immediate silence—there is nothing the matter with Bobby's discipline—and the outraged M'Micking has to content himself with a homicidal glare in the direction of M'Leary, who is now hanging virtuously upon his officer's lips.

"This," proceeds Bobby Little, "is what is known as a landscape target."

He indicates the picture, which, apparently overcome by so much public notice, promptly falls flat upon its

face. A fatigue party under the sergeant hurries to its assistance.

"It is intended," resumes Bobby presently, "to teach you—us—to become familiar with various kinds of country, and to get into the habit of picking out conspicuous features of the landscape, and getting them by heart, and—er—so on. I want you all to study this picture for three minutes. Then I shall face you about and ask you to describe it to me."

After three minutes of puckered brows and hard breathing the squad is turned to its rear, and the examination proceeds.

"Private Ness, what did you notice in the foreground of the picture?"

Private Ness gazes fiercely before him. He has noticed a good deal, but can remember nothing. Moreover, he has no very clear idea what a foreground may be.

"Private Mucklewame?"

Again silence, while the rotund Mucklewame perspires in the throes of mental exertion.

"Private Wemyss?"

No answer.

"Private M'Micking?"

The "buzzer" smiles feebly, but says nothing.

"Well,"—desperately—"Sergeant Angus! Tell them what you noticed in the foreground."

Sergeant Angus (*floruit* A.D. 1895) springs smartly to attention, and replies, with the instant obedience of the old soldier—

"The sky, sirr."

"Not in the foreground, as a rule," replies Bobby Little gently. "About turn again, all of you, and we'll have another try."

In his next attempt Bobby abandons individual catechism.

"Now," he begins, "what conspicuous objects do we notice on this target? In the foreground I can see a low knoll. To the left I see a windmill.



In the distance is a tall chimney. Half-right is a church. How would that church be marked on a map?"

No reply.

"Well," explains Bobby, anxious to parade a piece of knowledge which he only acquired himself a day or two ago, "churches are denoted in maps by a cross, mounted on a square or circle, according as the church has a square tower or a steeple. What has this church got?"

"A nock!" bellow the platoon, with stunning enthusiasm. (All but Private M'Micking, that is.)

"A clock, sir," translates the sergeant, *sotto voce*.

"A clock? All right: but what I wanted was a steeple. Then, farther away, we can observe a mine, a winding brook, and a house, with a wall in front of it. Who can see them?"

To judge by the collective expression of the audience, no one does. Bobby ploughs on.

"Upon the skyline we notice—Squad, 'shun!"

Captain Wagstaffe has strolled up. He is second in command of A Company. Bobby explains to him modestly what he has been trying to do.

"Yes, I heard you," says Wagstaffe. "You take a breather, while I carry on for a bit. Squad, stand easy, and tell me what you can see on that target. Private Ness, show me a pit-head."

Private Ness steps briskly forward and lays a grubby forefinger on Bobby's "mine."

"Private Mucklewame, show me a burn."

The brook is at once identified.

"Private M'Leary, shut your eyes and tell me what there is just to the right of the windmill."

"A wee knowe, sirr," replies M'Leary at once. Bobby recognizes his "low knoll"—also the fact that it is no use

endeavoring to instruct the unlettered until you have learned their language.

"Very good!" says Captain Wagstaffe. "Now we will go on to what is known as Description and Recognition of Targets. Supposing I had sent one of you forward into that landscape as a scout.—By the way, what is a scout?"

Dead silence, as usual.

"Come along! Tell me, somebody! Private Mucklewame?"

"They gang oot in a procession on Setterday eftarnoons, sirr, in short breeks," replies Mucklewame promptly.

"A procession is the very last thing a scout goes out in!" raps Wagstaffe. (It is plain to Mucklewame that the Captain has never been in Wishaw, but he does not argue the point.)

"Private M'Micking, what is a scout?"

"A spy, sirr," replies the omniscient one.

"Well, that's better; but there's a big difference between the two. What is it?"

This is a poser. Several men know the difference, but feel quite incapable of explaining it. The question runs down the front rank. Finally it is held up and disposed of by one Mearns (from Aberdeen).

"A spy, sirr, gets mair money than a scout."

"Does he?" asks Captain Wagstaffe, smiling. "Well, I am not in a position to say. But if he does, he earns it! Why?"

"Because if he gets caught he gets shot," volunteers a rear-rank man.

"Right. Why is he shot?"

This conundrum is too deep for the squad. The Captain has to answer it himself.

"Because he's not in uniform, and cannot therefore be treated as an ordinary prisoner of war. So never go scouting in your night-shirt, Mucklewame!"

The respectable Mucklewame blushes



deeply at this outrageous suggestion, but Wagstaffe proceeds—

"Now, supposing I sent you out scouting, and you discovered that over there—somewhere in the middle of this field"—he lays a finger on the field in question—"there was a fold in the ground where a machine-gun section was concealed: what would you do when you got back?"

"I would tell you, sirr," replied M'Micking politely.

"Tell me what?"

"That they was there, sirr."

"Where?"

"In yon place."

"How would you indicate the position of the place?"

"I would pint it oot with ma finger, sirr."

"Invisible objects half a mile away are not easily pointed out with the finger," Captain Wagstaffe mentions. "Private Ness, how would you describe it?"

"I would tak' you there, sirr."

"Thanks! But I doubt if either of us would come back! Private Wemyss?"

"I would say, sirr, that the place was west of the mansion-house."

"There's a good deal of land west of that mansion-house, you know," expostulates the Captain gently; "but we are getting on. Thompson?"

"I would say, sirr," replies Thompson, puckering his brow, "that it was in ablow they trees."

"It would be hard to indicate the exact trees you meant. Trees are too common. You try, Corporal King."

But Corporal King, who earned his stripes by reason of physical rather than intellectual attributes, can only contribute a lame reference to "a bit hedge by yon dyke, where there's a kin' o' hole in the talrget." Wagstaffe breaks in—

"Now, everybody, take some conspicuous and unmistakable object about the middle of that landscape—some-

thing which no one can mistake. The mansion-house will do—the near end. Now then—*Mansion-house, near end!* Got that?"

There is a general chorus of assent.

"Very well. I want you to imagine that the base of the mansion-house is the centre of a great clock-face. Where would twelve o'clock be?"

The platoon are plainly tickled by this new round-game. They reply—

"Straught up!"

"Right. Where is nine o'clock?"

"Over tae the left."

"Very good. And so on with all the other hours. Now, supposing I were to say, *End of mansion-house—six o'clock—white gate—*you would carry your eye straight downward, through the garden, until it encountered the gate. I would thus have enabled you to recognize a very small object in a wide landscape in the quickest possible time. See the idea?"

"Yes, sirr."

"All right. Now for our fold in the ground. *End of mansion-house—eight o'clock—got that?*"

There is an interested murmur of assent.

"That gives you the direction from the house. Now for the distance! *End of mansion-house—eight o'clock—two finger-breadths—*what does that give you, Private Ness?"

"The corner of a field, sirr."

"Right. That is *our* field. We have picked it correctly out of about twenty fields, you see. *Corner of field. In the middle of the field, a fold in the ground. At nine hundred—at the fold in the ground—five rounds—fire!* You see the idea now?"

"Yes, sirr."

"Very good. Let the platoon practise describing targets to one another, Mr. Little. Don't be too elaborate. Never employ either the clock or finger method if you can describe your target without. For instance: *Left of*

*windmill—triangular cornfield. At the nearest corner—six hundred—rapid fire!* is all you want. Carry on, Mr. Little."

And leaving Bobby and his infant class to practise this new and amusing pastime, Captain Wagstaffe strolls away across the square to where the painstaking Waddell is contending with another squad.

They, too, have a landscape target—a different one. Before it half-a-dozen rifles stand, set in rests. Waddell has given the order: *Four hundred—at the road, where it passes under the viaduct—fire!* and six privates have laid the six rifles upon the point indicated. Waddell and Captain Wagstaffe walk down the line, peering along the sights of the rifles. Five are correctly aligned: the sixth points to the spacious firmament above the viaduct.

"Hallo!" observes Wagstaffe.

"This is the man's third try, sir," explains the harassed Waddell. "He doesn't seem to be able to distinguish anything at all."

"Eyesight wrong?"

"So he says, sir."

"Been a long time finding out, hasn't he?"

"The sergeant told me, sir," confides Waddell, "that in his opinion the man is 'working for his ticket.'"

"Umph!"

"I did not quite understand the expression, sir," continues the honest youth, "so I thought I would consult you."

"It means that he is trying to get his discharge. Bring him along: I'll soon find out whether he is skrimshanking or not."

Private M'Sweir is introduced, and led off to the lair of that hardened cynic, the Medical Officer. Here he is put through some simple visual tests. He soon finds himself out of his depth. It is extremely difficult to feign either myopia, hypermetria, or astigmatism if

you are not acquainted with the necessary symptoms, and have not decided beforehand which (if any) of these diseases you are suffering from.

In five minutes the afflicted M'Sweir is informed, to his unutterable indignation, that he has passed a severe ocular examination with flying colors, and is forthwith marched back to his squad, with instructions to recognize all targets in future, under pain of special instruction in the laws of optics during his leisure hours. Verily, in K (i)—that is the tabloid title of the First Hundred Thousand—the way of the malingerer is hard.

Still, the seed does not always fall upon stony ground. On his way to inspect a third platoon Captain Wagstaffe passes Bobby Little and his merry men. They are in pairs, indicating targets to one another.

Says Private Walker (oblivious of Captain Wagstaffe's proximity) to his friend, Private M'Leary—in an affected parody of his instructor's staccato utterance—

*"At yon three Gairman spies, gann' up a close for tae despatch some wireless telegraphy—fufty roonds—fire!"*

To which Private M'Leary, not to be outdone, responds—

*"Public hoose—in the baur—back o' seeven o'clock—twa drams—fower fingers—rapid!"*

## II.

From this it is a mere step to—

"Butt Pairty, 'shun! Form fourrs! Right! By your left, quick *marreh!*"

—on a bleak and cheerless morning in late October. It is not yet light; but a depressed party of about twenty-five are falling into line at the acrid invitation of two sergeants, who have apparently decided that the pen is mightier than the Lee-Enfield rifle; for each wears one stuck in his glengarry like an eagle's feather, and carries a rabbinical-looking inkhorn slung to his bosom. This literary pose is

due to the fact that records are about to be taken of the performances of the Company on the shooting-range.

A half-awakened subaltern, who breakfasted at the grisly hour of a quarter-to-six, takes command, and the dolorous procession disappears into the gloom.

Half an hour later the Battalion parades, and sets off, to the sound of music, in pursuit. (It is perhaps needless to state that although we are deficient in rifles, possess neither belts, pouches, nor greatcoats, and are compelled to attach our scanty accoutrements to our persons with ingenious contrivances of string, we boast a fully equipped and highly efficient pipe band, complete with pipers, big drummer, side drummers, and corybantic drum-major.)

By eight o'clock, after a muddy tramp of four miles, we are assembled at the two-hundred-yards firing-point upon Number Three Range. The range itself is little more than a drive cut through a pine-wood. It is nearly half a mile long. Across the far end runs a high sandy embankment, decorated just below the ridge with a row of number-boards—one for each target. Of the targets themselves nothing as yet is to be seen.

"Now then, let's get a move on!" suggests the Senior Captain briskly. "Cockerell, ring up the butts, and ask Captain Wagstaffe to put up the targets."

The alert Mr. Cockerell hurries to the telephone, which lives in a small white-painted structure like a gramophone-stand. (It has been left at the firing-point by the all-providing butt-party.) He turns the call-handle smartly, takes the receiver out of the box, and begins. . . .

There is no need to describe the performance which ensues. All telephone-users are familiar with it. It consists entirely of the word "Hallo!" repeated

*crescendo* and *furioso* until exhaustion supervenes.

Presently Mr. Cockerell reports to the captain—

"Telephone out of order, sir."

"I never knew a range telephone that wasn't," replies the Captain, inspecting the instrument. "Still, you might give this one a sporting chance, anyhow. It isn't a *wireless* telephone, you know! Corporal Kemp, connect that telephone for Mr. Cockerell."

A marble-faced N.C.O. kneels solemnly upon the turf and raises a small iron trap-door—hitherto overlooked by the omniscient Cockerell—revealing a cavity some six inches deep, containing an electric plug-hole. Into this he thrusts the terminal of the telephone-wire. Cockerell, scarlet in the face, watches him indignantly.

Telephonic communication between firing-point and butts is now established. That is to say, whenever Mr. Cockerell rings the bell some one in the butts courteously rings back. Overtures of a more intimate nature are greeted either with stony silence or another fantasia on the bell.

Meanwhile the captain is superintending firing arrangements.

"Are the first details ready to begin?" he shouts.

"Quite ready, sir," runs the reply down the firing-line.

The captain now comes to the telephone himself. He takes the receiver from Cockerell with masterful assurance.

"Hallo, there!" he calls. "I want to speak to Captain Wagstaffe."

"Honkle yang-yang?" inquires a ghostly voice.

"Captain Wagstaffe! Hurry up!"

Presently the bell rings, and the captain gets to business.

"That you, Wagstaffe?" he inquires cheerily. "Look here, we're going to fire Practice Seven, Table B.—snap-shooting. I want you to raise all the

targets for six seconds, just for sighting purposes. Do you understand?"

Here the bell rings continuously for ten seconds. Nothing daunted, the captain tries again.

"That you, Wagstaffe? Practice Seven, Table B!"

"Tchk, t'chk!" replies Captain Wagstaffe.

"Begin by raising all the targets for six seconds. Then raise them six times for five seconds each—no, as you were! Raise them five times for six seconds each. Got that? I say, are you *there*? What's that?"

"Przemysl!" replies the telephone—or something to that effect. "Czes-tochowa! Krzyszkowice! Plock!"

The captain, now on his mettle, continues—

"I want you to signal the results on the rear targets as the front ones go down. After that we will fire—oh, *curse* the thing!"

He hastily removes the receiver, which is emitting sounds suggestive of the buckling of biscuit-tins, from his ear, and lays it on its rest. The bell promptly begins to ring again.

"Mr. Cockerell," he says resignedly, "double up the butts and ask Captain Wagstaffe——"

"I'm here, old son," replies a gentle voice, as Captain Wagstaffe touches him upon the shoulder. "Been here some time!"

After mutual asperities, it is decided by the two captains to dispense with the aid of the telephone proper, and communicate by bell alone. Captain Wagstaffe's tall figure strides back across the heather; the red flag on the butts flutters down; and we get to work.

Upon a long row of water-proof sheets—some thirty in all—lie the firers. Beside each is extended the form of a sergeant or officer, tickling his charge's ear with incoherent counsel, and imploring him,

almost tearfully, not to get excited.

Suddenly thirty targets spring out of the earth in front of us, only to disappear again just as we have got over our surprise. They are not of the usual bull's-eye pattern, but are what is known as "figure" targets. The lower half is sea-green, the upper, white. In the centre, half on the green and half on the white, is a curious brown smudge. It might be anything, from a splash of mud to one of those mysterious brown-paper patterns which fall out of ladies' papers, but it really is intended to represent the head and shoulders of a man in khaki lying on grass and aiming at us. However, the British private, with his usual genius for misapprehension, has christened this effigy "the beggar in the boat."

With equal suddenness the targets swing up again. Crack! An uncontrolled spirit has loosed off his rifle before it has reached his shoulder. Blistering reproof follows. Then, after three or four seconds, comes a perfect salvo all down the line. The conscientious Mucklewame, slowly raising his foresight as he has been taught to do, from the base of the target to the centre, has just covered the beggar in the boat between wind and water, and is lingering lovingly over the second pull, when the inconsiderate beggar (and his boat) sink unostentatiously into the abyss, leaving the open-mouthed marksman with his finger on the trigger and an unfired cartridge still in the chamber. At the dentist's Time crawls; in snap-shooting contests he sprints.

Another set of targets slide up as the first go down, and upon these the hits are recorded by a forest of black or white discs, waving vigorously in the air. Here and there a red and white flag flaps derisively. Mucklewame gets one of these.

The marking-targets go down to half-mast again, and then comes another tense pause. Then, as the firing-targets reappear, there is another volley. This time Private Mucklewame leads the field, and decapitates a dandelion. The third time he has learned wisdom, and the beggar in the boat gets the bullet where all mocking foes should get it—in the neck!

Snap-shooting over, the combatants retire to the five-hundred-yard firing-point, taking with them that modern hair-shirt, the telephone.

Presently a fresh set of targets swing up—of the bull's-eye variety this time—and the markers are busy once more.

### III.

The interior of the butts is an unexpectedly spacious place. From the nearest firing-point you would not suspect their existence, except when the targets are up. Imagine a sort of miniature railway station—or rather, half a railway station—sunk into the ground, with a very long platform and a very low roof—eight feet high at the most. Upon the opposite side of this station, instead of the other platform, rises the sandy ridge previously mentioned—the stop-butt—crowned with its row of number-boards. Along the permanent way, in place of sleepers and metals, runs a long and narrow trough, in which, instead of railway carriages, some thirty great iron frames are standing side by side. These frames are double, and hold the targets. They are so arranged that if one is pushed up the other comes down. The markers stand along the platform, like railway porters.

There are two markers to each target. They stand with their backs to the firers, comfortably conscious of several feet of earth and a stout brick wall between them and low shooters.

LIVING AGE VOL. LXVI. 3475

Number one squats down, paste-pot in hand, and repairs the bullet-holes in the unemployed target with patches of black or white paper. Number two, brandishing a pole to which is attached a disc, black on one side and white on the other, is acquiring a permanent crick in the neck through gaping upward at the target in search of hits. He has to be sharp-eyed, for the bullet-hole is a small one, and springs into existence without any other intimation than a spirt of sand on the bank twenty yards behind. He must be alert, too, and signal the shots as they are made; otherwise the telephone will begin to interest itself on his behalf. The bell will ring, and a sarcastic voice will intimate—assuming that you can hear what it says—that C Company are sending a wreath and message of condolence as their contribution to the funeral of the marker at Number Seven target, who appears to have died at his post within the last ten minutes; coupled with a polite request that his successor may be appointed as rapidly as possible, as the war is not likely to last more than three years. To this the butt-officer replies that C Company had better come a bit closer to the target and try, try again.

There are practically no restrictions as to the length to which one may go in insulting butt-markers. The Geneva Convention is silent upon the subject, partly because it is almost impossible to say anything which can really hurt a marker's feelings, and partly because the butt-officer always has the last word in any unpleasantness which may arise. That is to say, when defeated over the telephone, he can always lower his targets, and with his myrmidons feign abstraction or insensibility until an overheated subaltern arrives at the double from the five-hundred-yards' firing-point, conveying news of surrender.



Captain Wagstaffe was an admitted master of this game. He was a difficult subject to handle; for he was accustomed to return an eye for an eye when repartees were being exchanged; and when over-borne by heavier metal—say, a peripatetic “brass-hat” from Hythe—he was accustomed to haul up the red butt-flag (which automatically brings all firing to a standstill), and stroll down the range to refute the intruder at close quarters. We must add that he was a most efficient butt-officer. When he was on duty, markers were most assiduous in their attention to theirs, which is not always the case.

Thomas Atkins rather enjoys marking. For one thing, he is permitted to remove as much clothing as he pleases, and to cover himself with stickiness and grime to his heart's content—always a highly prized privilege. He is also allowed to smoke, to exchange full-flavored persiflage with his neighbors, and to refresh himself from time to time with mysterious items of provender wrapped in scraps of newspaper. Given an easy-going butt-officer and some timid subalterns, he can spend a very agreeable morning. Even when discipline is strict, marking is preferable to most other fatigues.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The fusillade has begun. Privates Ogg and Hogg are in charge of Number Thirteen target. They are beguiling the tedium of their task by a friendly gamble with the markers on Number Fourteen—Privates Cosh and Tosh. The rules of the game are simplicity itself. After each detail has fired, the target with the higher score receives the sum of one penny from its opponents. At the present moment, after a long run of adversity, Privates Cosh and Tosh are one penny to the good. Once again fortune smiles upon them. The first two shots go right through

the bull—eight points straight away. The third is an inner; the fourth another bull; the fifth just grazes the line separating inners from outers. Private Tosh, who is scoring, promptly signals an inner. Meanwhile, target Number Twelve is also being liberally marked—but by nothing of a remunerative nature. The gentleman at the firing-point is taking what is known as “a fine sight”—so fine, indeed, that each successive bullet either buries itself in the turf fifty yards short, or ricochets joyously from off the bank in front, hurling itself sideways through the target, accompanied by a storm of gravel, and tearing holes therein which even the biased Ogg cannot class as clean hits.

“We hae gotten eighteen that time,” announces Mr. Tosh to his rival, swinging his disc and inwardly blessing his unknown benefactor. (For obvious reasons the firer is known only to the marker by a number.) “Hoo’s a’ wi’ you, Jock?”

“There’s a [adjective] body here,” replies Ogg, with gloomy sarcasm. “flingin’ bricks through this yin!” He picks up the red and white flag for the fourth time, and unfurls it indignantly to the breeze.

“Here’s the officer!” says the warning voice of Hogg. “I doot he’ll no allow your last yin, Peter.”

He is right. The subaltern in charge of targets Thirteen to Sixteen, after a pained glance at the battered countenance of Number Thirteen, pauses before Fourteen, and jots down a figure on his butt-register.

“Fower, fower, fower, three, three, sirr,” announces Tosh politely.

“Three bulls, one inner, and an ahter, sir,” proclaims the Cockney sergeant simultaneously.

“Now, suppose I try,” suggests the subaltern gently.

He examines the target, promptly

disallows Tosh's last inner, and passes on.

"Seeventeen *only!*" remarks Private Ogg severely. "I thoct sae!"

Private Cosh speaks—for the first time—removing a paste-brush and some patching-paper from his mouth—

"Still, it's better nor a wash-oot! And onyway, you're due us tippence the noo!"

By way of contrast to the frivolous game of chance in the butts, the proceedings at the firing-point resolve themselves into a desperately earnest test of skill. The fortnight's range-practice is drawing to a close. Each evening registers have been made up, and firing averages adjusted, with the result that A and D Companies are found to have entirely out-distanced B and C, and to be running neck and neck for the championship of the battalion. Up till this morning D's average worked out at something under fifteen (out of a possible twenty), and A's at something over fourteen points. Both are quite amazing and incredible averages for a recruits' course; but then nearly everything about "K (1)" is amazing and incredible. Up till half an hour ago D had, if anything, increased their lead: then dire calamity overtook them.

One Pumpherson, Sergeant-Major and crack shot of the Company, solemnly blows down the barrel of his rifle and prostrates himself majestically upon his more than considerable stomach, for the purpose of firing his five rounds at five hundred yards. His average score so far has been one under "possible." Three officers and a couple of stray corporals gather behind him in eulogistic attitudes.

"How are the Company doing generally, Sergeant-Major?" inquires the Captain of D Company.

"Very well, sir, except for some carelessness," replies the great man impressively. "That man there"—he

indicates a shrinking figure hurrying rearwards—"has just spoilt his own score and another man's by putting two shots on the wrong target!"

There is a horrified hum at this, for to fire upon some one else's target is the gravest crime in musketry. In the first place, it counts a miss for yourself. In the second, it may do a grievous wrong to your neighbor; for the law ordains that, in the event of more than five shots being found upon any target, only the worst five shall count. Therefore, if your unsolicited contribution takes the form of an outer, it must be counted, to the exclusion, possibly, of a bull. The culprit broke into a double.

Having delivered himself, Sergeant-Major Pumpherson graciously accepted the charger of cartridges which an obsequious acolyte was proffering, rammed it into the magazine, adjusted the sights, spread out his legs to an obtuse angle, and fired his first shot.

All eyes were turned upon target Number Seven. But there was no signal. All the other markers were busy flourishing discs or flags; only Number Seven remained cold and aloof.

The Captain of D Company laughed satirically.

"Number Seven gone to have his hair cut!" he observed.

"Third time this morning, sir," added a sycophantic subaltern.

The sergeant-major smiled indulgently.

"I can do without signals, sir," he said. "I know where the shot went all right. I must get the next a *little* more to the left. That last one was a bit too near to three o'clock to be a certainty."

He fired again—with precisely the same result.

Every one was quite apologetic to the sergeant-major this time.

"This must be stopped," announced the Captain. "Mr. Simson, ring up

Captain Wagstaffe on the telephone."

But the sergeant-major would not hear of this.

"The butt-registers are good enough for me, sir," he said with a paternal smile. He fired again. Once more the target stared back, blank and unresponsive.

This time the audience were too disgusted to speak. They merely shrugged their shoulders and glanced at one another with sarcastic smiles. The Captain, who had suffered a heavy reverse at the hands of Captain Wagstaffe earlier in the morning, began to rehearse the wording of his address over the telephone.

The sergeant-major fired his last two shots with impressive aplomb—only to be absolutely ignored twice more by Number Seven. Then he rose to his feet and saluted with ostentatious respectfulness.

"Four bulls and one inner, I *think*, sir. I'm afraid I pulled that last one off a bit."

The Captain is already at the telephone. For the moment this most feminine of instruments is found to be in an accommodating frame of mind. Captain Wagstaffe's voice is quickly heard.

"That you, Wagstaffe?" inquires the Captain. "I'm so sorry to bother you, but could you make inquiries and ascertain when the marker on Number Seven is likely to come out of the chloroform?"

"He has been sitting up and taking nourishment for the last five minutes," replies the voice of Wagstaffe. "What message can I deliver to him?"

"None in particular, except that he has not signalled a single one of Sergeant-Major Pumpherston's shots!" replies the Captain of D, with crushing simplicity.

"Half a mo'!" replies Wagstaffe.

... Then, presently—

"Hallo! Are you there, Whitson?"

"Yes. We are still here," Captain Whitson assures him frigidly.

"Right. Well, I have examined Number Seven target, and there are no shots on it of any kind whatever. But there are ten shots on Number Eight, if that's any help. Buck up with the next lot, will you? We are getting rather bored here. So long!"

There was nothing in it now. D Company had finished. The last two representatives of A were firing, and subalterns with note-books were performing prodigies of arithmetic. Bobby Little calculated that if these two scored eighteen points each they would pull the Company's total average up to fifteen precisely, beating D by a decimal.

The two slender threads upon which the success of this enterprise hung were named Lindsay and Budge. Lindsay was a phlegmatic youth with watery eyes. Nothing disturbed him, which was fortunate, for the commotion which surrounded him was considerable. A stout sergeant lay beside him on a water-proof sheet, whispering excited counsels of perfection, while Bobby Little danced in the rear, beseeching him to fire upon the proper target.

"Now, Lindsay," said Captain Whitson, in a trembling voice, "you are going to get into a good comfortable position, take your time, and score five bulls."

The amazing part of it all was that Lindsay very nearly did score five bulls. He actually got four, and would have had a fifth had not the stout sergeant, in excess of solicitude, tenderly wiped his watery eye for him with a grubby handkerchief just as he took the first pull for his third shot.

Altogether he scored nineteen; and the gallery, full of congratulations, moved on to inspect the performance

of Private Budge, an extremely nervous subject: who, thanks to the fact that public attention had been concentrated so far upon Lindsay, and that his ministering sergeant was a matter-of-fact individual of few words, had put on two bulls—eight points. He now required to score only nine points in three shots.

Suddenly the hapless youth became aware of the breathless group in his rear. He promptly pulled his trigger, and just flicked the outside edge of the target—two points.

"I doot I'm gettin' a thing nairvous," he muttered apologetically to the sergeant.

"Havers! Shut your held and give the bull a bash!" responded that admirable person.

The twitching Budge, bracing himself, scored an inner—three points.

"A bull, and we do it!" murmured  
Blackwood's Magazine.

Bobby Little. Fortunately Budge did not hear.

"Ye're no daen badly," admits the sergeant grudgingly.

Budge, a little piqued, determines to do better. He raises his foresight slowly; takes the first pull; touches "six o'clock" on the distant bull—luckily the light is perfect—and takes the second pull for the last time.

Next moment a white disc rises slowly out of the earth and covers the bull's-eye.

So Bobby Little was able next morning to congratulate his disciples upon being "the best-shooting platoon in the best-shooting Company in the best-shooting Battalion in the Brigade."

Not less than fifty other subalterns within a radius of five miles were saying the same thing to their platoons. It is right to foster a spirit of emulation in young troops.

## THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

"My revenue is the silly cheat."—

*Winter's Tale*, Act IV., Scene 2.

"Autolycus—a rogue"; thus we find him labelled, without equivocation or excuse, in *The Winter's Tale*. A rogue of merry wit, who would pick your pocket to the lilt of a joyous song, in the days when Bohemia was on the sea-coast and good King Polixenes reigned over that Arcadian land. A rogue well versed in the frailties and vanities of mankind, dazzling the rustic maidens of Bohemia with his tawdry wares, and with ballad and showman's patter charming money from the pockets of their swains. Other times, other manners. The joy of life has faded from his antitype of later days, though the roguery remains unchanged. Who can picture the Weary Willie of to-day, with his tray of boot-

laces and collar-studs, breaking forth into spontaneous song?

So long as work is wearisome and fools abound, so long the tribe of Autolycus will flourish. Lineal descendants there are in the City to-day who, emulating the margarine merchants, will present to you, free, gratis, and for nothing, two bonus shares in some wondrous oil company with every share you pay for. Others are on the point of closing a mystic deal in "Western Unions," in which you may participate if you send £10 or more by the next post, thereby reaping at least 400 per cent profit, with no possible chance of loss. The philanthropist who sends you those charming private letters on the approach of quarter-day, from an address off Piccadilly, is descended from a collateral

branch—the McShylocks, of Glasgow.

Humble members of the fraternity are still met with throughout the length and breadth of the land, following in the footsteps of their great prototype. We have all suffered from their attentions, especially during our summer holiday by the sea: well we know their trashy wares, bootlaces, combs, scissors, and knives, and other sundries that they thrust upon our notice, all being of one uniform quality, the worst obtainable at the lowest possible price. The warehouse whence they obtain their dally supply of merchandise is usually a feeble, indeterminate place of business touching the ragged edge of many trades, hidden away in some dingy quarter of the town. Often it is the old-established shop of some small wholesale dealer that has outlived the prosperity of former days, the present owner now catching at any straw that may help to keep him afloat.

Of such is the establishment of William Turnpenny. Within a hundred yards of his door the tide of commerce ebbs and flows along the main highway as the stream of humanity surges back and forth between the sea-front and the lodging-houses, but scarce a ripple disturbs the tranquillity of the little business backwater wherein the water-logged craft of Turnpenny lies slowly sinking into the mud. The entrance to this quarter—a narrow, crooked street of ancient houses, leading to nowhere in particular—attracts few chance visitors, save now and again an artist in search of architectural reliefs of the time when the brilliant town was but a small fishing village.

In early days, while yet the railway was a thing to marvel at, and the lamplighter on his round, carrying his ladder over his shoulder, still drew a following of ragged children, this was the main business quarter of the

town, where ancestors of the house of Turnpenny, placid, easy-going citizens, had waxed fat and prosperous supplying the needs of the smaller shopkeepers of the countryside. Many and varied were their needs: tin kettles and saucepans, brushes and brooms, pins and needles, cotton, tape and laces, and such-like small wares; also marbles, peg-tops, and wooden hoops in their appointed seasons—for all these sports have, or had, their seasons—the carriers' carts that started from the yard of the "Dragon's Head" close by, serving for transport to village and hamlet as yet remote from the railway.

The quarter has fallen on parlous times. Some few shops there are that still make pretence of seeking public custom, but their goods are not displayed with the brazen shamelessness of the High Street.

William Turnpenny's shop, in these evil days, is a compromise of many crafts. Even William himself seems in doubt as to his definite calling. Upon the fascia board, and painted on the upper part of the window, appears the legend:

WILLIAM TURNPENNY,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWAREMAN  
WHOLESALE TOY DEALER AND  
HABERDASHER.  
SHOPS AND HAWKERS SUPPLIED  
AT LONDON PRICES.

When first he succeeded to his inheritance, William had visions of cultivating the retail ironmongery branch, as the tentacles of London were already getting a strangle hold upon his country customers, and to the eye the shop appears to be an ironmonger's, of sorts, a pile of iron buckets and other emblems of the trade cumbering the entrance; while just within the doorway stands a pyramid of iron saucepans, flanked by a row of rusty frying-pans suspended in front of the counter.



Finding to his sorrow that he could attract none but the most poverty-stricken of housewives in search of cheaper goods than the orthodox tradesman supplied, driven to the wall, he was forced against his will to develop the hawkers' trade, the most unsavory branch of his business, but the only one showing any sign of vitality.

In a cavernous recess at the back of the shop we find the hawkers' counter, with a youthful acolyte in attendance to minister to the needs of the fraternity. It is a war-worn veteran of a counter, cut, dented, and scarred, with the grime of ages well worked into its ancient surface. A rub with a paraffin rag serves to disinfect and cleanse it daily. The lingering odor of paraffin, combined with that of iron-rust and other elusive essences, forms the distinctive atmosphere of the place.

Slinking furtively into the shop as soon as the shutters are down comes the "Sheffield Cutler," a burly, well-fed ruffian, scowling, unshorn and unwashed, exhaling fumes of stale beer and shag. Two fingers are missing from his left hand—a valuable asset in his line of business, lending artistic verisimilitude to his pathetic tale of the grindstone accident which wrecked his small workshop, forcing him to tramp the country with his stock of hand-forged scissors and knives.

Pity for his misfortune, in nowise akin to love for his person, will put him on a daily average two pairs of scissors ahead of his nearest rival.

His stock he carries in a roll, lined with chamois leather, fitted with loops to hold scissors and knives, and a very attractive show they make when displayed.

His stock is low, but so are his finances, and the salesman refuses to be bullied into giving credit. After

much grumbling, and fumbling in the depths of his pockets, he produces ninepence, wherewith to pay for two pairs of scissors, carefully polishing the handles with a grubby fragment of emerycloth, and drawing the edges of the blades across his greasy hair, which imparts a certain smoothness of action to them, before placing them in his roll. He will now make a house-to-house visitation, telling his tale of woe with a colorable imitation of the Northern burr overlaying his native dialect of Whitechapel, offering his scissors to the sympathetic "lady of the house" at half a crown apiece. Should she prove obdurate he will sacrifice the odd sixpence to effect a sale. He is selling regardless of cost.

Before the searching fragrance of his personality has faded from the air of the shop a sour-visaged woman, thin and melancholy, drifts towards the counter.

She wears a drab-colored shawl over her head, draped after the manner of the factory-girl of the North country; but her bleary-eyed, dismal face and whining voice brand her as a fraud, having nothing in common with the sturdy, independent worker that her costume faintly suggests.

Her requirements are "Torchon" and "Valenciennes" lace. Pathetic and appealing is her manner, and her price is fourpence per dozen yards. On fivepence per dozen being demanded—which she well knows is the correct charge—the pathos evaporates, and the climax is reached when the salesman refuses to supply less than twelve yards. From appeal she descends to shrill abuse until, the great William appearing from his lair, her flow of language is cut short with hints of the police.

Outraged in her tenderest feelings, and still grumbling viciously, she reluctantly pays up, and, unwinding her purchases, she arranges her wares in

a frilly heap in her basket, with seductive loops and ends drooping outside.

The principle on which she acts when shopping seems to be much the same as that of the street musician—that if sufficient annoyance is caused a sacrifice will be made for the sake of peace.

This harpy will presently be found trapesing along the beach with bowed head and tearful eye, a whimpering infant in her arms, her fingers busy knitting a piece of edging that never increases in length.

The appeal of the infant is the master-touch, a power to move the hearts of those few lady visitors whose sympathy remains proof against her pitiful tale of Nottingham laceworkers driven forth into the cruel world by the advent of machinery.

Dire misfortune alone can have brought our next visitor to this underworld of commerce. He is known to Turnpenny and his acolyte as the Button man. Several times he has swiftly passed the entrance, as though on his way to some appointment, waiting until the coast is clear, as he shuns the company of the hawkers' counter. Though his hat and boots are in the last stages of decay, an effort has been made to render them presentable. His dilapidated frock coat, tightly buttoned, and his correctly-creased trousers, shortened by the constant frimming of the frayed edges, have plainly been built for their present wearer in far-off days by a tailor of repute.

There is something in his military carriage, fastidious personal cleanliness, and cultivated refinement of speech and manner that disdains pity and compels respect. Transactions with his tradesman are still maintained upon a strictly business footing.

Turnpenny, himself a victim of "the slings and arrows of outrageous for-

tune," waits upon him personally, with a courtesy and attention unwarranted by the value of his purchases. To offer charity in any form would be an insult, but William gladly extends to his fellow-sufferer some small meed of credit on occasion.

He deals only in buttons—linen buttons, imitation pearl buttons, boot buttons—any sort that cost no more than threepence to sixpence per gross, a very usual price in this class of trade.

With a stock representing perhaps half a crown in value the Button man carries on the smallest "wholesale" business on record, calling upon the most squalid of all shopkeepers, those who trade in the front room of a slum cottage, exposing for sale, behind a grimy window-pane, a few oranges, a jar or two of sticky sweets, and a tray of needles and pins and kindred small wares.

What sufferings he endures in his desperate struggle to preserve the last shreds of self-respect he alone can tell. Should he by some miracle of fortune return unto his kingdom, he can at least maintain with truth that he is free from the taint of retail trade.

Now comes in a very different figure. Jaunty, assured, and free of speech, he smacks of flaring naphtha lamps and street-corner patter. Again we have a "cutler," but of a different type from our Northern friend of this morning. He demands half a gross of "Jacks," a square-pointed, heavy-bladed scissor, the acme of the cheap and nasty. They are made of cast iron, roughly polished, and in the hands of the normal man will cut nothing. The price is half a crown a dozen, and our breezy friend planks down his fifteen shillings, tells old William a story that makes his eyes blink, convulses the boy behind the counter with a howler from his cheap-

Jack repertoire, and gaily departs.

You will find him after dark at the corner of a busy street, with the scissors piled in a glittering heap, under a blazing flare, demonstrating to the crowd the virtues of his wondrous shears. First, to prove their power, he slices up old biscuit tins with consummate ease; then to show that the edge is still intact, he cuts a strip of tissue paper into tiny fragments. They are the very shears of Atropus, and cheap at a shilling, which is all he asks. Trade waxes fast and furious as the crowd thickens; he keeps his audience in a ripple of laughter with his flow of chaff and racy humor, and by ten o'clock he has sold out. All honor to his strength of wrist and jaw.

Now comes another of the hangdog, slinking type, glancing right and left before entering, to see if haply a policeman, the mortal foe of all his tribe, may have marked him down. He works the old needle fraud, and his favorite victim is the young newly-married housewife, of ready sympathy and innocent of guile. For many years he has carried on the game, but it still seems profitable as ever.

Two thousand needles per day he contrives to foist upon the charitably-minded. He pays for them but tenpence a thousand. They are the veriest rubbish of the factory, damaged and defective throw-outs, but they have eyes and points of a sort, and are packed in the orthodox manner, twenty-five in each ornate packet, duly labelled "Best egg-eyed needles, assorted."

He has with him twenty copies of the following letter, laboriously written out on cheap notepaper:—

*Dear Madam,*—I am a Redditch needle-maker out of work my business ruined by the big factories with new machinery which I could not afford to

buy it. My wife and children is starving and I must sell my stock of needles this way to buy them food. This envelope contains one hundred of the best needles that can be made and I will take sixpence for them. I ask you out of charity to buy them this letter will be called for."

With this sweet and touching epistle four packets of the alleged needles are enclosed, and he goes forth to sow the good seed. After a restful interval for liquid refreshment, he gathers in the harvest from the twenty safe houses that he has selected for the day.

Like the rest of us, he has his troubles. A policeman appearing on point-duty near the field of his endeavor may delay the harvest and compel him to go thirsty for many weary hours. A dishonest house-keeper may refuse to render up either his goods or the price thereof; then, indeed, is his wrathful language like unto a fiery furnace; but on the whole he reaps a fair reward for his labors, and seldom wants for beer.

Hobbling into the shop leaning on his staff comes a genuine pilgrim of the road. From his back, bent with the weight of years, he slowly lowers an old-time pedlar's pack to the floor, turning to the salesman a smiling face, wrinkled and brown as a faded russet, lit by a pair of small twinkling blue eyes. He is clad in honest corduroy, tied in below the knee, and his heavy hobnailed boots are caked with the mud of the South Downs. About him clings the spirit of the open road, the sunshine and rain of the countryside and the wind-swept spaces of the hills. The murky old shop seems more dark and dingy than before.

No gaolbird is this old veteran, afraid to pass the policeman at the street corner. He is a cheerful philosopher, with a simple scheme of life. Throughout the summer he

tramps the hills with his pack, calling at isolated cottages and small farmhouses, where he is sure of a welcome and a meal, or a straw shake-down in the barn, accumulating as he goes a small store of cash wherewith to replenish his stock as occasion arises.

In the winter, or when crippled by rheumatism, he retires contentedly to the workhouse—the only home he has ever known. He is not of our time, and there will be none to shoulder his pack when he has tramped his last road.

His small purchases are soon made, and he plods steadily on his way toward the shepherd's cottage, hidden in a fold of the downs, eight good miles away from the town. There his genial old face is well known, and he is assured of shelter for the night.

Small and scanty are his earnings. In this, as in other professions, it is the specialist who makes the big income.

From his little glass-windowed office Turnpenny signals a hasty warning to clear the counter of all loose odds and ends. The assistant sweeps the litter of open packages and boxes into a heap, transferring all to a safe harbor below the counter, to be sorted and rearranged later on.

A hulking, beetle-browed scoundrel has just entered, accompanied by a virulent little spitfire of a woman. When pirates such as these appear in couples, decks must be cleared for action without delay.

The woman's face is adorned with a black eye, proof patent that the love of her lord has not yet faded into cold indifference. The pair are in the midst of a vitriolic domestic quarrel. From certain ripe and fruity epithets hurled at the man by his mate, one gathers that there is another woman in the case.

They call a truce on reaching the

counter, and make common cause against Turnpenny, who, looking worried and anxious, personally awaits their pleasure. The woman carries a basket on her arm, covered by a voluminous shawl that is draped around her shoulders.

They play into one another's hands, the woman demanding cutlery; she is hard to please, and while she is making hay of William's stock of scissors the man is clamoring urgently for dressing combs. If only they can induce William to turn his back upon them for a moment the shawl and basket will come into action, and after abusing Turnpenny, his shop, his stock, and his prices, they will resume their own personal quarrel, and leave the premises without making a purchase, but not without having replenished their basket with some few unconsidered trifles.

Their habits are well known, however, and they are given no opportunity. The woman buys nothing—never had intended to buy anything, whilst the man selects half a dozen dressing combs of transparent yellow horn, splashed and mottled with red stain, price three shillings per dozen. These will be sold as hand-cut tortoiseshell, at any price from a shilling upwards.

The establishment is now honored by a visit from the "Famous Oculist," a venerable gray-bearded old humbug. He carries glasses to correct any defect of vision from astigmatism to cataract, and his patients invariably find, after allowing him to test their sight with his curious little sliding spyglass, that their eyes are developing some unpronounceable malady that they have taken only just in time. He is artistic in his methods. A neat professional card and a printed list of testimonials, dropped in the letter-box of his selected victim, precede his visit and serve as an introduction. Once

admitted to the house, his dignified air of professional wisdom is so convincing and his diagnosis so alarming that few escape. Not that he cares about selling his glasses, he will tell them; oh, dear no! Seeing so much in his London consulting rooms of the havoc wrought by neglect of the eyes, his tender heart has bled for his poorer brethren who cannot afford the enormous fee he is obliged to charge, and he has devoted his vacation to a crusade of philanthropy. His valuable advice is given free. The lenses he carries have been ground under his own supervision, and you may pay him for them according to your means.

He is a shy bird, and he is careful to see that there are no other customers in the shop before he will enter. He then rapidly transacts his business, buying a dozen pairs of German silver spectacles at seven shillings a dozen. There is a cheaper quality, at four shillings, but he will have nothing cheap. In justice to his patients he must have the best.

He carries a polished mahogany case, containing rows of spectacles, ostentatiously classified, specimens of Brazilian pebbles in various stages of manufacture, the sight-tester, and, crowning glory, a brilliantly-colored diagram of an immense eye, with all its work exposed in stark, indecent nudity. This is sprinkled all over with letters of the alphabet, indicating the cornea, the crystalline lens, the retina, the iris diaphragm, the optic nerve, and other mysteries, upon all of which he will discourse learnedly and at length. Before his newly-acquired spectacles are eligible for a place in the cabinet, they must go through a secret process, in which a hammer and steel die play an important part, converting them from ordinary—very ordinary—glass lenses into pebbles of the highest grade, with the magic word stamped indelibly upon

the soft metal of the side springs.

To change his name in each town he visits, never to leave an address, or to call again upon a patient once a sale is effected, are, of course, only the obvious business safeguards adopted by all his tribe.

Weary with much service bringing but small reward, Turnpenny and his youthful attendant are preparing to close the shop when a woebegone scarecrow wanders in, the last customer of the day. For two shillings he buys a box of three dozen "gold" rings—wedding rings and keepers. To dispose of them at four or five thousand per cent profit might seem difficult to most of us, but to "Dismal Jimmie" it is quite a simple matter. All of us who have visited the coast know the beachcombers, melancholy derelicts of humanity who, after a storm, wander with downcast eyes along the edge of the surf, following each retreating wave in search of small treasures cast up by the sea. In the guise of a member of this mournful band we find our friend pacing the shore in abject, hopeless misery, clutching his fluttering rags around him, paying no heed to the crowds of holiday-makers that swarm upon the beach.

See him, just where the crowd is thickest, pounce down and scabble among the shingle in the backward surge of a wave, rise, and with a heavy gold ring in the palm of his hand, stand bewildered and dazed, scarce believing his eyes. Will there not be, among the little knot of curious onlookers that has quickly gathered round him, some one of them who has actually seen the treasure retrieved from the cruel sea, willing to give the poor fellow a few shillings for his find? He does not know the value of it, and thinks it may not be gold, but all wise folk know that gold is the only metal that will resist the



corroding action of sea-water, and this solid, heavy ring is bright as a newly-minted sovereign. He says, quite truly, that he dare not go to a pawnshop with it, for fear of the police.

When he has exhausted the beach, he will find his rings in the gutters of the streets, but this method is more dangerous and less artistic, and the police are more difficult to locate.

Year by year these craftsmen dwindle in numbers, and only those of nimble wit survive the attentions of

*The English Review.*

the police. Their sons, educated by the ratepayers in our primary and secondary schools, qualify for the higher branches of the profession, and appeal to a wider but no less credulous public. They are found on every plane of life. In the City, the vendor of oil shares, giving something for nothing, if you will pay his price. In the Cabinet—but hold! we are on dangerous ground. This is not a political article, and we all know that our Cabinet Ministers are above reproach and have no dealings with the Wares of Autolycus.

*R. W. Burgess.*

### PIR KHAN.

All this happened only because two young Englishmen were bored, and because Yussuf Ali, the mule-man, was a coward and a liar.

Fort Amiran, laying squat and bare, exposed to the four winds of heaven, represented unredeemed ugliness. A strong, bare, low building of sun-baked earth, with never a tower or chimney to break the monotonous regularity of its outline. In its coloring of dull grayish yellow it matched well with its surroundings, for as far as the eye of the watcher from its flat roof could travel, stretched weary miles of a desert country, all of the same dull tint, broken only here and there by a rise of ground, a rise that could hardly be called a hill, so slight was it, and here and there by a few scrubby thorn and cactus-like bushes; for the rest sand, and yet more sand, until, far away to the north, the blue hills of Afghanistan beckoned the gazer with a hint of mystery and color, and the promise of life, lying hidden beyond a plain over which it was sheer weariness to look.

It was from Fort Amiran that a startled Headquarter Staff once re-

ceived an urgent wire, with a pathetic appeal for the immediate despatch of ten tons of green paint "to touch up the landscape"—the first intimation given that another officer had broken down under the strain of loneliness and frontier work. Looking at Fort Amiran and its environment, one felt that there was considerable reason in the demand.

Inside the entrenchment surrounding the Fort were the huts of three hundred cavalry soldiers of the Indian Army, and here also were the godowns of the camp followers—hewers of wood and drawers of water, necessary to the life of the garrison; and in the main body of the building lived the three English officers in charge of the detachment—Captain Holmes, who commanded it, and his two juniors, Lieutenants Donovan and Trevor.

For two months of unbroken monotony the three had been thrown, for better for worse, on their own resources, with no possibility of distraction from the outside world. It was not the dullness that tried them, it was the inaction, the want of work (for during the long, hot days even native

soldiers could do little), and also the fact that they could not get away from each other—constant companionship was forced upon them by circumstances. On the frontier, too, there is always a certain amount of strain, which tells upon those responsible for the safety of the post. Nothing happens for day after day, and yet at any moment of day or night something vital, meaning life or death, *may* happen, and the garrison must always be on the alert, always prepared. Taking one thing with another, the three young officers, good-tempered, healthy fellows though they were, were getting on each other's nerves. Of course men are not supposed to have nerves, but just the same kind of condition happens among sailors of dissimilar tastes and habits when boxed up in too close proximity—and Fort Amiran at this season was very like a ship, in that there was little chance of escape. They read, and re-read, the few books they had, smoked too much, and slept and talked through the interminably long hours of the hot-weather days, hours when the heat was so great that to live was a burden; and as they lay panting and enduring they wished, oh how they wished (especially Trevor, who was the youngest and most impatient) that "something would happen."

Very often they quarrelled; the hot weather, uncomfortable though it is, is not really unhealthy for the body, but there can be no doubt that it is very unhealthy for the temper—and any trifle was enough to start a hot discussion, degenerating often enough, at least on the part of Donovan and Trevor, into a childish squabble. On this particular day they had all three disputed fiercely over the absolutely unimportant matter of the date of the issue of the last new bit of equipment to the men. Holmes had overborne his juniors with the weight of his

seniority, and later Trevor confided to Donovan that he "couldn't stick" the way Holmes ate sugar with his porridge. Donovan agreed warmly, and they decided that it was a sign of effeminacy, if not of degeneracy—to their mutual comfort; but five minutes later they were in the thick of another argument (call it that) as to the pedigree of their dogs, all of distinctly plebeian origin. And so it went on. One has to make allowances for two months of an unhealthy, unnatural life, with no outlet for the energies of youth; for nights spent panting for breath, while they tried to sleep on a roof which, even at midnight, threw out enough heat to roast a potato (at least so Donovan declared); for the plague of sand-flies and other insect pests, and for a thermometer which never, day or night, dropped below 100. There was just one break, one day in the week to which they all looked forward for relief: Thursday, for that was the day on which the mule-man arrived from the nearest post—bringing some portion of the men's rations, ice and other necessities, and, above all, letters and newspapers. He had always hitherto come punctually, up to time, but today an unexpected, an unbearable tragedy had happened; it was hours past his usual time, and there was as yet no sign of him.

Due at ten P.M., and now it was three-thirty. In abuse of "that lazy swine Yussuf Ali," Trevor and Donovan forgot their differences, but when another hour passed and still he had not come, annoyance began to turn to consternation. They lay in long-chairs, scantily clad, in the bare little mess-room (Captain Holmes having at last gone off for his afternoon sleep), muttering threats of vengeance on the defaulter, discussing the possibility of all sorts of happenings to account for the delay, and both unwilling to ac-

cept the older man's reasonable suggestion, that they'd get their letters all right in the evening if they'd only have patience.

It would have been well if they could have followed his example and slept away the rest of the afternoon, but Donovan's evil genius prompted him to propose that they should stroll along the road and meet the "lazy devil," and, hot though it still was, he and Trevor slipped quietly out of the Fort, and sauntered along the dusty track that served for a road—the road that led to Quetta and civilization. There was indeed only one road from Fort Amiran, "the road back." It led to all that men valued—love, home, friends, comfort—and all seemed very far off, for the Fort was on the very fringe of the Empire—one of those outposts to which the Mother-Country sends a succession of the most enterprising of her sons.

Donovan and Trevor belonged to this order, and it was just one of Fate's nasty tricks that a combination of annoying circumstances made them ripe for any mischief that should come their way.

Yussuf Ali, the mule-man's, troubles had begun the day before in Quetta. He had been delayed from the beginning by various matters, the business of the garrison of the Fort; small commissions (with a due percentage to be subtracted, he it said) for the sowars, a new waistcoat of a gaudy pattern to be chosen for himself—for Yussuf Ali was a bit of a buck in his small way, and, all in connection with the waistcoat, a visit to be made to his mother's sister's daughter in the bazaar. A dangerous affair, that last.

It all took time, but it was an overcharge of two annas, made by the dirzee who was responsible for the waistcoat, that proved Yussuf Ali's undoing. The wrangle was long, the recriminations bitter; the sun was

high before he started, and, after the pleasures of the bazaar, he found the road unusually weary and hot; so, as Captain Holmes had foreseen, he had lain up at noon, during the worst part of the day; but now, on the second day, all was well, he was nearing his journey's end, considering, as he jogged along, which of the many lies he had prepared to account for his delay would be the most likely to be believed (or the hardest to be proved false) by that astute and wary officer, "Capitan Holmes Sahib."

Merrily clanked the accoutrements of the three fine Government mules, as they clattered along, with Yussuf Ali seated on the hindermost, urging them on with heavy whip, and heavier abuse of their ancestry to the remotest ages. They were covering the ground well, and he was within five miles of the Fort, when Fate met him in the guise of a burly young Pathan, who sprang at the bridle of the leading mule, shouting roughly to him to halt.

Now, Yussuf Ali was a down-country man, and without courage. He truly described his state of mind when, in telling the story later to his fellows, he said, more graphically than elegantly, that "his liver turned to water." Only by that time Pir Khan, the unarmed Pathan, had swollen into ten times his number, had grown, in fact, into a gang of lusty marauders, armed to the teeth. What really happened was that Yussuf Ali put up no fight at all, but without hesitation rolled off his mule, and lay howling in the dust at his assailant's feet.

What had brought the Pathan Pir Khan, son of Suleiman Khan, to the spot at the psychological moment? Only the Fates who play with the destinies of men could tell us that.

Had he come out on a rifle-lifting errand, or had he known that a coward with mules would be within a dozen miles of his village, he would

most certainly have been armed. And he was not; he had not, as it happened, even so much as the murderous knife, without which his kind rarely stirs.

How it all came about is of small consequence, the fact remained that it happened just so—Pir Khan saw the chance of his life, and being every bit of a man, he took it. It must be remembered in his favor that his moral code, such as he had, by no means forbade the stealing of mules—the property of his natural enemies to boot; so, having no weapon, he satisfied himself by kicking the howling Yussuf Ali just as a matter of form, so to speak, mounted the best of the mules, and set forth in all haste for his village across the border, the happiest man in Asia. Three mules, and undoubtedly boundless wealth in the bundles that were strapped upon them—so ran his reflections. Well might he rejoice. He was a made man for life; the pick of the village beauties was his for the asking, riches and fat living for the rest of his days, and the thought of the envy of the other young bloods filled in his vision of the future. He thanked his gods, and sped cheerily on his road.

As the sounds of his going grew faint in the distance Yussuf Ali sat up; then, all the while cursing bitterly and calling down unrepeatable maledictions on the head of Pir Khan, he got slowly to his feet, felt himself all over gingerly, found that bar a few bruises he was quite unhurt, and sat down again to consider the position. Here was a pretty to-do. His mules were gone, the property of the Sirkar, that Sirkar which has such an unreasonable opinion of the sanctity of its property, and here was he, Yussuf Ali, guardian of the mules, without a scratch to show in his defence. Verily here was prospect of much Hirkut (trouble).

The more Yussuf Ali thought of his position the less he liked it. He remembered that the "Capitan Sahib" was a hard man to deceive, and an angry man often—and he, Yussuf Ali—knew himself for a coward, and trembled without shame.

Flight, the first idea of the timid, naturally occurred to him, but where could he go, where hide from the searching eye of the Sirkar? Behind him lay Quetta, but a long way behind him, and there too the Sirkar was all-powerful. On either hand stretched the desert, and in front Fort Amiran menaced him—and he with never a wound to back up the tale he must tell of the valiant fight he had made for his mules, and the property of the Sahibs. The "Capitan Sahib" would of a surety demand wounds; of that he was certain. For long he pondered—he was a coward, but he was between the devil and the deep sea. If the "Capitan Sahib" would demand wounds, it were well then that wounds he should have. With many groans Yussuf Ali unsheathed his knife, and with shaking fingers he set himself to supply the evidence of his courage. Even slight cuts produce a deal of blood, and his terror was such that he feared to make his hurts too superficial, so that he soon presented a really gruesome appearance, and between his self-inflicted injuries, loss of blood, and terror of Captain Holmes, he was a spectacle to move the pity of far more experienced men than Donovan and Trevor, who met him half an hour later, limping painfully along on his way to the Fort.

"To Allah be praise!" ejaculated Yussuf Ali ten minutes later, when, his tale told, with many an enlargement, the two young officers hurried away, leaving him to follow slowly.

"The poor devil's had a doing and

no mistake," said Donovan to Trevor. "The cheek of those chaps! So near the Fort too—we ought to overtake them if we hurry up."

"D'you suppose there were ten of them?" queried Trevor.

"More likely five at most;—these chaps lie like the devil," said Donovan. "Holmes 'll be off for his ride by now," he added. "And it'll be dark by the time he gets back. What d'you say to going off on our own, Dicky? Should think we'd be a match for five of these Johnnies. Eh?"

Now, Trevor was a law-abiding youth, and he knew very well that Donovan's suggestion meant going into the forbidden country—in all probability across the border—and "orders" were stringent that no one should ride outside a very prescribed area without an escort; but he was very young, and the prospect of the excitement, the chance of a "scrap" with the thieves, appealed to him irresistibly. He had only been a short time in India, too, and his ideas of "natives" were exceedingly and reassuringly vague. Donovan, on the contrary, knew better; but he was an excitable fellow, and his spirits rose at the prospect of a fight. On the whole he would have preferred to go alone—and take his chance; but he couldn't well get out of taking Trevor with him, and from the first he had been determined to go in pursuit. He was, in fact, very Irish.

He therefore continued to expatiate on the necessity of getting back the mules, and the men's rations, and their own ice and letters; and he soon worked up Trevor to a like amount of keenness. Trevor indeed put in a half-hearted suggestion that perhaps they'd better ask Holmes first; to which Donovan replied impatiently, "Rot! If you wait for Holmes, we shall never see a flick of the tails of the mules again—and then there'll be the devil

to pay, I can tell you. Holmes 'll be jolly glad we went. We can't take any of the men either, in case we have to go into Afghanistan. If we have to go over the border when we are by ourselves, no one will ever know. See?"

And Trevor agreed, of course, as he generally did in the end to any suggestion of Donovan's; and so the two stole into their quarters, looked to their revolvers, hustled their syces until their ponies were ready in an unusually short time, and then galloped off gaily on their mad errand, full of the joy of life again, after so many weeks of stagnation. "Must be ready to act on one's own initiative now and then," quoth Donovan grandly, and Dicky Trevor quite agreed, though his common-sense was giving him some trouble, and his heart was beating most unaccountably fast.

As for Donovan, he was perfectly happy as they hustled along over the coarse turf in the direction indicated by Yussuf Ali. The light was beginning to fail already—and darkness comes with such a rush in the East that there was every need for haste. Their ponies were very fresh, too, and pulled from the start. Side by side they galloped, over very rough going now, and at a speed that took Trevor's breath away, for he was nothing of a rider, and he soon became uncomfortably aware that his mount, a hard-mouthed country-bred, was taking charge. In vain he tried to pull in to a steadier pace. Donovan, who was ahead, either did not hear or would not listen to his appeals to slacken—and it was just as they both saw the figure of a Pathan with three mules, not far ahead of them, that Trevor finally lost control.

Donovan shouted over his shoulder, "Only *one*, after all"—and gave chase with a whoop, as if he were out hunting—while Trevor's pony followed



suit, but on a line far wide of the fugitive. In vein Trevor tugged at his reins; the beast had a mouth like iron, and it followed therefore that when Donovan came up with Pir Khan he was alone—Trevor being still engaged in a futile struggle, far away on the right.

Pir Khan, hearing Donovan's shout, turned his head, and his golden dreams of a life of much ease and comfort vanished like a morning mist. It was a bitter blow; it was so nearly in safety, and here was one of these mad Englishmen evidently in hot pursuit, and doubtless armed, while he, fool that he was, had been so elated by his easy victory over the mule-man that he had not even troubled to take his knife. Resistance was out of the question, of course, but he knew something of the ways of the English, and his brain began at once to scheme and plan for the future. He foresaw that he would be lodged in Quetta gaol eventually, but Quetta was a long way off, and doubtless there would be many ways of escape opened to him, if Allah so willed it. Pir Khan therefore dismounted and waited for Donovan, quite prepared to surrender and give no trouble.

Unfortunately it is given to no man to read the mind of another, and Donovan was obsessed with his preconceived notion of Pir Khan. Instead of an unarmed, ignorant savage, who had recognized that the game was up, he saw one of a band of desperadoes, who had among them half-killed a Government servant, and who would most certainly kill him if he gave him the chance. In his eyes it was Pir Khan's life against Trevor's and his own, and the only thing to be done was to get at him quickly, before he could call up the rest of the gang—especially as that ass Trevor had put himself out of action by al-

lowing his pony to run away with him. Through the tail of his eye he could see Trevor battling with his steed far away on the right.

It was the merest instinct of self-preservation, the instinct of the savage—living always with his life in his hand—that induced Pir Khan, when he dismounted, to put the bodies of the mules between himself and his assailant. He was making no attempt to defend himself—knowing that defence was impossible—and was prepared to make the most submissive of salaams, when he saw, to his astonishment and dismay, a revolver glistening in Donovan's hand. Pir Khan, in his surprise, shifted his position rapidly, and in so doing jerked violently at the mules' reins, throwing those troublesome animals into a state of confusion, which utterly demoralized Donovan's pony, and Donovan, though a good shot and a good rider, was forced to pay more attention to shooting Pir Khan than to his pony. There was a moment of indescribable confusion and movement—a harmless bullet whistling through the air—the squealing of the frightened, stampeding mules—a violent collision (Donovan felt as if he had been crossed at polo)—a kick on the knee from one of the mules, and then his pony falling and turning completely over, jerking his revolver from his grasp. He never quite knew how it all happened—it was so sudden and so unexpected—but the next moment he found himself lying helpless and unarmed at Pir Khan's feet, with the knowledge that there was something very wrong with his right arm. Pir Khan was bending over him . . . the cruel, stupid face so near his own . . . Into Donovan's mind flashed the memory of Livingstone in the power of the lion, and how Livingstone's only thought had been which part of him would the lion eat first. Donovan wondered where

he was going to be hurt, and then he fainted . . .

When he came to himself he was surprised to find that he was not suffering. He remembered then that he had fainted, because Pir Khan had taken him by the arm. He opened his eyes very cautiously, filled with anxiety to watch his captor's movements, and saw Pir Khan, a few paces off, struggling into his (Donovan's) shirt. So that was why he had been so roughly handled! How lucky it was that he had fainted—for evidently the Pathan thought him dead; and Donovan, with his injured arm, which he found he could not move without the greatest agony, felt that his only hope was to do all in his power to foster that belief. Why his throat had not been cut he otherwise could not imagine. He felt extraordinarily stupid lying there, and quite unable to think connectedly, or to make any plan of escape. His one idea, his one hope, was to remain perfectly still—as long as no one touched him nothing seemed to matter. Fort Amiran, the theft of the mules, his ride with Trevor in pursuit—how far away and unimportant it all seemed! Only to lie quiet. The fact being that he was still dizzy with pain and with the effects of his fall.

Pir Khan, in the meantime, felt that things were looking up for him. To begin with, he rather fancied himself in the Sahib's shirt, which was a brightly striped affair which Donovan had been wearing-out at Fort Amiran, where clothes didn't matter. He put it on outside his trousers, in true native fashion, and looked a comical enough figure, had there been anyone in a state of mind to appreciate his appearance. And then he observed that the mules were not very far off, and Donovan's pony was standing quietly by—and the Sahib was dead, or next door to it. It was a pity, Pir

Khan reflected, that he had no knife. It had been just as well to make sure. It was then that the gleaming barrel of Donovan's revolver caught his eye. Pir Khan had handled a large variety of firearms, ranging from the old jezail to the latest thing in army rifles, but he had never had to do with a Webley's revolver, which, on raising the hammer, revolves the cylinder to a fresh cartridge.

The first thing he did was light-heartedly to blow down the barrel, an act that made Donovan hold his breath, thankful though he would have been to see him dead. Pir Khan's lucky star was certainly in the ascendant that day, for nothing happened, and, apparently encouraged to further experiments, he shifted the revolver in his grasp, with the obvious intention of shooting the helpless Donovan; but in his clumsy fingers, used to a trigger which needed a good hard pull, this superior firearm went off prematurely, with startling suddenness, the bullet, fortunately for Donovan, flying heavenwards. In his surprise Pir Khan fired another unintentional shot, which so shook his nerves that, terrified by his want of control and feeling certain that the Sahib's gun was possessed by the devil, he flung it from him, fortunately to a safe distance.

Trevor meantime, when his pony had had his full of galloping, had managed to pull round, but he was some way off, and a slight unevenness in the plain, covered with scrubby undergrowth, hid Donovan and Pir Khan from him.

Through the bushes was evidently the nearest way, and Trevor, half wild with anxiety, dismounted and pushed his way to the top, arriving just after the final shot was fired. Instinctively he dropped behind a bush, though Pir Khan was not looking his way; he was, in fact, looking in the direction

of the "Shaitan ka banduk" (devil's gun), but that Trevor could not guess. What he saw was Donovan lying partially stripped and quite motionless, and a savage-looking individual, clad in portions of Donovan's clothing, complete master of the situation.

To say that Trevor was aghast is a mild description of his state of mind. The horror of seeing his friend, who had been only a few moments before full of life, lying before him dead, simply stunned him. He was incapable of taking any action; it did not seem to him that there was anything anyone could do. Donovan was dead—that finished everything; that was the end. Trevor was very young, fresh from a conventional life in safe, well-ordered England, where boys of nineteen fortunately are not often thrust into such a position, but he was no coward. If he had imagined for a moment that Donovan had a breath in him, he would have attacked Pir Khan without the least hesitation, and would probably have forced the adventure to a tragic conclusion. As it was, the sight of the lifeless body, combined with the sound of the shots, deprived him of all wish, and indeed of any inducement, to fight. What did it matter if Pir Khan did escape?—Killing him would not bring Donovan back to life. If Pir Khan had touched Donovan's body, the insult would no doubt have roused Trevor's dormant faculties; but Pir Khan's mind was occupied with quite other matters. Although he had not harmed the Englishman, it would go badly with him if the sound of those shots reached the Fort; besides, the mules were quietly cropping the short turf not far off—and Donovan's mare was standing quietly by. Pir Khan decided it was high time to be moving.

Out of his half-closed eyes Donovan, from where he lay, saw Trevor's white face, with an expression of

agonized dismay, watching, and recognized what his friend was suffering. He was beginning to think now that he might escape; his brain was working more clearly, enabling him to realize plainly the horrible danger through which he had passed; hitherto he had been more than half stupefied by pain, and that had really been his salvation. Maimed as he was, he knew that he was no match for a sinewy Pathan, even if that Pathan had no knife, and of that he did not feel sure. All the same Trevor's inaction puzzled, and in his normal state would have maddened, him—but as it was, perhaps it was as well. Still, when he saw Pir Khan creep towards his little mare and clamber clumsily on her, his anger rose. Was Trevor going to let the brute ride off scot-free? All the instincts of the dominant race rose in protest.

And Trevor watched dully. What did it all matter? Let the Pathan take Donovan's mare and the mules too, for the matter of that. Donovan would never ride again, and mischief enough had been done already. Why fire a shot which might set the country in a blaze and bring misery and death to many? Trevor's mind worked on, and, whether he liked it or not, pictured the carrying of Donovan's body back to Fort Amiran, saw the hasty grave dug, heard the wailing of the "last post," and remembered that it would be his duty to write the news to Donovan's mother.

Pir Khan hopped clumsily with one foot in the stirrup, the mare backing vigorously meanwhile. Once in the saddle, he listened. From the direction of the Fort came the sound of hurrying riders, and he knew it was time to hasten. One longing glance he cast in the direction of the mules, and then, urging the frightened pony with heels and voice, he set off once more on his way to safety.

Slowly and cautiously, a moment later, Donovan raised himself into a sitting position. "Fire, you Juggins, fire!" he called softly to the astonished Trevor.

Meanwhile, at Fort Amiran, the feeling of uneasiness, the sensation that there was something wrong, was spreading. There is nothing so infectious as anxiety, and Ressaldar Abdul Khan was very anxious. A Pathan himself, no one knew better than he the dangers of the borderland, or the uncertainty of life in that unsettled region. His own village lay within a few miles of the Fort, and in Donovan's troop, of which he was res-saldar, were not a few of the best of his tribe. It was truly British, and all part of a system of generous trust in the soldiers they had trained, to put these men in a position of great responsibility, divided by only an imaginary boundary from their blood-brothers—their clan. But Ressaldar Abdul Khan had not eaten the salt of the Sirkar all these years for nothing, and his officers were quite safe when they reposed unbounded confidence in his fidelity, for the honor of his regiment came first with the res-saldar, and with that honor was bound up the safety and well-being of the English officers belonging to it. Indeed, Abdul Khan, now that they were in his own country, felt something of the responsibility of a host. In particular was this the case where Donovan was concerned. Trevor was newly joined, and Holmes had been transferred from another regiment a short while previously, and received the respect and consideration due to his position as Commandant. But with Donovan there was a different and deeper feeling—an affection born of hardships mutually endured, of marches under India's scorching suns, of bivouacs on Afghan hills in bitter cold,

of reckless daring that had accomplished what seemed the impossible, and of courage that had been gay when hope was dead. Donovan had all the qualities which endear an officer to his men, and especially to a man of Abdul Khan's type.

The res-saldar therefore took far more interest in the harum-scarum young officer's proceedings than anyone ever guessed, and he had noticed Donovan and Trevor ride forth at an unusual hour and in an unusual direction; the wrong direction, in fact—towards Afghanistan. Donovan's air of suppressed excitement also had not escaped him; so had the Sahib looked when they had ridden, stirrup to stirrup, after the outlaw Kamra Din up the Bolan. Ressaldar Abdul Khan pondered on these things, and found additional ground for wonder when he heard Holmes question Donovan's boy as to his master's whereabouts, and heard that resourceful youth lie fluently and readily in his reply.

"So," reflected the old soldier. "The servant doth also think this is a strange and secret matter that the Sahibs ride towards Afghanistan—else wherefore should he lie?"

Moodily he watched Captain Holmes (thinking that all was well) ride leisurely away, and then Yussuf Ali limped in with his sorry tale—a tale every native in the Fort unhesitatingly decided to be false—and suspicion became certainty.

As time went on and Donovan and Trevor did not return, doubtless someone should have been sent to recall Captain Holmes—but native caution is dead against volunteering information. From the vantage-ground of the flat roof of the Fort, Abdul Khan watched and listened, and at a respectful distance some of the men of the troop watched and listened with him. It was still baking hot up there, but presently the hot wind dropped,

and the sun's fierce rays began to slant, telling of the coming of darkness.

The watchers stirred and whispered uneasily, murmuring of the night which would soon be upon them, when nothing could be done, and ever straining their eyes to the north. Matters were growing very serious, and Ressaldar Abdul Khan began to wish that he had reported to the Capitan Sahib that the other Sahibs had gone towards Afghanistan and had never returned. Then suddenly came the sound of shots—revolver shots, in rapid succession. Very faint were the sounds; perhaps, had it not been just that particular sound for which they had all been listening, they might never have been heard; but as it was, it was a signal of distress, a call to action.

The rissaldar's anxious face relaxed. Action was so much more congenial to him than thought; and his orders were brief and to the point. In a few moments the Fort was a scene of wild excitement; but, as became picked troops on the frontier, there was no confusion, and in a very short time a patrol of a dozen men of the finest cavalry in the world, with Abdul Khan at their head, were riding to the rescue as if the devil were behind them.

It was not long, however, before the rissaldar was forced to reduce his pace. Bare though the plain was, he knew well how small a rock or bush suffices for cover for a hill-man, and he had no mind to risk an ambush; so, throwing out a few scouts, he advanced warily with his main body. Slow though this procedure seemed, it was in reality hardly half an hour before one of his scouts rode back and pointed out the three mules, a little in advance, and in another moment a shout from Donovan told the rissaldar that his search had been successful.

He rode hastily forward—the men, at a wave of his hand, pulling up—and dismounting with surprising agility (for he was a heavy man and no longer young) he bent over Donovan, exclaiming, his face softened by anxiety:

"The Sahib is wounded! Which way went the dogs?"

It was characteristic of both men that Donovan and the rissaldar acted as if the matter lay between themselves—Trevor was outside of it altogether.

"My arm's broken, Rissaldar Sahib," said Donovan, "and I've hurt my leg"; and he added shamefacedly, "there's only one budmash—he went to the north—on my mare. Trevor Sahib's pony ran away with him," he went on in an explanatory fashion—and then suddenly he blurted out, "We've made a hash of it, Rissaldar Sahib."

Thank goodness it was good old Abdul Khan who had come. Donovan felt their bad case couldn't have been in better hands.

"Praise be to Allah—the Sahib is not badly hurt; and behold the stolen mules," said the rissaldar thoughtfully, pointing to a couple of men who were driving the mules towards them. "Sahib sayeth there was only one budmash—but who can tell how many more lie in ambush? With the Sahib's leave I will place two men to guard the mules, and I, with the rest, will ride in pursuit. Is it well?"

"You won't catch the beggar," said Donovan. "He's got too long a start. But you may as well try.—Buck up, old chap," he continued to the gloomy Trevor, as the rissaldar and his troop galloped off. "Abdul Khan won't try to catch *one* Pathan—he won't like letting him get off with my pony—but he'll think that's better than spoiling our 'izzat'" (prestige).

"I feel such an ass," groaned Trevor.



"I've made such a mess of everything, and done nothing."

"Ass be blown," retorted Donovan.

"We're both asses; and well out of it at that. What I'm wondering is, how they're going to get me back to the Fort, and what the mischief we're going to say to old Holmes?"

Donovan need not have worried himself over this last consideration. Res-saldar Abdul Khan and his men returned, as he had foretold, unsuccessful; and the return journey to the Fort, in spite of all the care possible, was of such a painful description that by the time the end was reached Donovan, for all his pluck, was quite beyond making any report to his superior officer. Indeed, had he been in a fit condition to do so, Abdul Khan had forestalled him, for he rode ahead in time to meet Holmes sallying forth with a strong rescue party, and when Donovan and his bearers came up the tale had apparently not suffered in the telling.

"How large was the gang?" did the Sahib ask? Who could say? Abdul Khan had seen the trampling of the feet of many horses, and doubtless both Sahibs had shown great courage. So and so forth Ressaldar Abdul Khan, and when Holmes attempted to question him he launched forth into a dignified recital of his suspicions that the outrage was the work of a noted border-thief; and when Holmes again tried to keep him to the point of what really had happened, he sheltered himself behind the fact that he really had seen very little. At the same time he pointed triumphantly to the "casus belli," the three mules, standing patiently by; surely the Sahibs should receive great credit for the gallant fashion in which they had recovered the stolen property?

And then Donovan was carried up; and getting him to bed, and seeing that the little native apothecary in

charge of the troops looked after him properly, took up all Holmes's attention.

"Sahib sota?" ("Does the Sahib sleep?") said Holmes, outside the door of Donovan's quarters next morning.

"Nahi, Sahib," answered Donovan's "boy," in the rueful accents of one who has passed a troublesome night.

"Sorry to worry you, old fellow," said Holmes, as he went in. "How are you this morning? Had a bad night?"

Donovan lay in a tumbled, uncomfortable bed, looking feverish and distinctly cross. His tightly strapped-up arm had pained him considerably, and the theft of his favorite pony, a serious loss to a poor man, was weighing heavily on his mind. Taking one thing with another, he felt quite incapable of arguing with Holmes over yesterday's expedition.

"It's too bad to bother you," went on Holmes, "but I'll have to send in my report to-day, and old Abdul Khan is very strong about demanding Government compensation for the loss of your pony. I really think, according to him, we've got quite a good case."

In spite of his discomfort, Donovan's sense of humor came to his aid, and he began to laugh—greatly to Holmes's astonishment. "I wonder what the old chap's been telling you?" he got out at last. "Haven't you seen Trevor yet?"

"No, I haven't," said Holmes rather stiffly. "Trevor's been on the range this morning."

"Well," said Donovan, "I think I'd rather you did not apply for compensation this time, Holmes. I'll tell you all about it, if you'll swear never to give me away."

The sleepy "boy" outside wondered why the Sahibs laughed so much, and then decided that Donovan Sahib must be better, and that he might venture out of call to cook his rice; and pres-

ently Holmes went away to tear up the half-written report, and incidentally to smooth down Abdul Khan.

It must have been a month later that three men of Donovan's troop—not noticeably good characters either—put in for furlough, their recommendations strongly backed up by Ressaldar Abdul Khan; and it was exactly a week after that that Donovan's servant awoke him one morning with the cheerful news: "Sahib, kul rath Sahib ka tatoo, wapus argal." ("Last night the pony came back.")

It was true. There, in her own stall, stood the little mare, looking as

The Cornhill Magazine.

if she had never been away a day; but no one had seen her come, and no one knew anything about the manner of her coming—least of all Ressaldar Abdul Khan.

"Wonderful instance of the *homing instinct* in mares," quoth Holmes to Donovan; and Donovan responded, with a cheery grin, as he passed his hand lovingly over the mare's sleek shoulder:

"Yes—and I hope you observe what remarkably clever syces the budmashes of these parts appear to be. She *might* have been groomed by one of our own men."

A. M. Scott-Moncrieff.

## UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

"We find ourselves to-day in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law."—*The German Chancellor on the invasion of Belgium.*

"What is permissible includes every means of war without which the object of the war cannot be obtained."—*The German War Book.*

Towards the end of Herbert Spencer's life, that great man, in a letter to the writer of this article, deplored what he called the "re-barbarization" of the world, as the result of its relapse into the cycle of wars. If he had lived to this hour, he would have seen not only how swift and far has been the fall, but how a great system of European State culture can be made to excuse and to popularize it. The spirit of war-barbarism has already laid in ruins one little country, the most industrious of all. It now claims a greater victim. It threatens to abolish the traditions, usages, rules of instinct and feeling, which, in the language of the Declaration of St. Petersburg, endeavor to "conciliate the necessities of war with the laws of humanity." Statesman-

ship has never succeeded in bringing all these customs under the banner even of a system of voluntary international law. They belong not so much to codes and articles as to that public treasure which the jurists of The Hague described as the "requirements of the public conscience." Here they in truth exist, and if they can only die in the heart of man when everything good dies too, one may well ask what broken fragments of pitiful dealing will be left when a perverted philosophy has done with them.

Let us examine the special depravity of thought exhibited in the recent German exploits on our merchant shipping. There are three such acts—the sinking of three British steamers near the Lancashire coast, the torpedoing without notice of two more steamers in the neighborhood of Le Havre, and the attempt to torpedo a large and well-known State hospital ship, the "Asturias." They have been succeeded by the proclamation of a paper blockade of our home waters, threatening to destroy every hostile merchant vessel, in spite of "dangers" to

their crews and passengers, and those of neutral ships. The degree of moral protection against these deeds is various. The first and second come under what may fairly be described as the "rules of the sea." The third is definitely prohibited by the sixth Hague Convention of 1907. In no case are the facts quite complete. But it is important to remember that the worst construction of them is already accepted and defended by the German press. Their ground is quite simple. Britain is held to be engaged in a scheme to starve Germany out by virtue of a blockade of her ports. We do not accept this description. Sir Edward Grey has defined the prime object for which we have patrolled the German coasts as the stoppage of her war supplies, not the reduction of her people by starvation. But Germany insists that she is entitled to make "all reprisals" on our sea-policy. These reprisals plainly include the sinking of merchantmen, and, if needs must, the drowning of their crews. Here we may distinguish. If the French official report of the attempts to torpedo the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria" is correct, the German commander of the submarine was prepared to see ships and crews go down together. But a distinction was made in the case of the three ships which were scuttled on the Lancashire coast. The crews were given ten minutes to quit their vessels and take to their boats.

Clearly the value of such tender mercies as these depends on the state of the sea, the distance from a port, and the number and seaworthiness of the ships' boats. If all these conditions are favorable to life, the element of ruthlessness lies within the bounds of humanity. Otherwise, such an order may be fully as murderous as the piratical act which released the torpedoes that struck the "Tokomaru"

and the "Icaria." The pirate, with his hand against all men, and all ports closed against the black flag, orders his captives to walk the plank, not necessarily for cruelty's sake, but because he cannot be troubled with their presence on the corsair. The German, whom our sea-power places in a similar predicament, devises a swifter and more wholesale form of death. Under the special circumstances of this war we may grant his right to cripple our sea-going trade, sink our merchant vessels, and intercept the transport of soldiers and munitions of war. All such risks we take and provide for, recognizing that as the power of the submarine grows, the pride of our insularity declines. But when no difference is acknowledged between the life of the fighting seaman and that of the peaceful seafarer carrying goods to neutrals as well as to belligerents, we approach the rules and the reign of Captain Kidd. Neither war custom nor international law gives the smallest warrant for the sinking of merchant ships, be they enemy or neutral, unless the enemy warns the crews and passengers, and gives time for them to escape.

But if, in the case of the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria," we have to do with the repudiation of the customary rights of humanity under which crews of merchantmen are either conveyed to port or helped away from a sinking vessel, the attempt to scuttle the "Asturias" is an unspeakable breach with the letter, as well as the spirit, of international law. Hospital ships are necessarily protected on sea as hospitals on land, subject to the same proviso that their merciful purpose is clear and is clearly indicated by outward signs. All these conditions were fulfilled in the case of the "Asturias." She was painted white outside, with a horizontal band of green, and with three

red crosses illuminated so as to make these markings plain by night. As she was attacked at five o'clock in the afternoon, her character and emblems must have been discernible. If, therefore, the act of the German commander was intentional, Germany has torn a huge rent in the fabric of the Geneva Convention. The evidence on these points should be ample, and the Admiralty will do well to collect and produce it. But the difficulty over the worst of these German atrocities is always the same. The theory of the German War Book that war is directed, not only against armies, but against the enemy's "moral and intellectual resources," justifies the wholesale murder, arson, and pillage carried on in Belgium no less and no more than the sinking of a hospital ship or the torpedoing of a trading vessel in her course at sea. Both kinds of act are terrifying to civilians. Both may be held to promote, in the self-justifying scheme of German warfare, the gaining of the "object" of the war.

The only approach to a German apology is that these deeds are an answer to the equally inhuman British policy of starving Germany into surrender by a maritime siege of her coasts and the interception of her food-supplies. Now here the ground has been heavily encumbered by Germany's own act. We cannot, of course, admit that any slowly evolved course of war-policy on an enemy's part can be held to palliate a concrete act of infamy such as the sinking of a hospital ship. There can be no "starvation" of Germany as the result of our interception of her maritime food-supplies. As far as essential food is concerned, Germany is a self-supporting country. She can keep herself alive for the period of a long war, if not comfortably alive, provided she dispenses with luxuries. But how, since the German Government have

commandeered the food of the nation and control its distribution, can we any longer distinguish between what goes to the civilians and what is reserved for the military? So long as we adhere, even in part, to the half-cancelled Declaration of London, we are bound to aim at preserving that distinction. We have made food conditional contraband, and conditional contraband is only liable to capture when it is "shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces or of a Government department of the enemy State." That was Lord Salisbury's famous doctrine, and Sir Edward Grey practically endorsed it when he promised not to detain foodstuffs unless the "presumption" was that they were meant for the "armed forces of the enemy or the enemy Government."

The interpretation of this rule was none too easy. Even when the private and the public stores of German food remained separate, it would be hard to say whether food consigned through Rotterdam to the Rhineland, from which the German armies draw their supplies, was or was not destined for military use. But how is it possible for our captains to discriminate when the "enemy State" brushes aside the private German dealer and consumer? We would welcome a practical answer to this question, for we realize that the war has been and will be horribly cruel in view of the wide needs of civilized life, the vastness of modern populations, and their dependence on sea-traffic. We can well imagine from Germany's theory and practice of war what her action as a predominant sea-Power would have been. But we believe that our war-method differs essentially from hers. In our eyes the contention is one of armies against armies, and, on this plan, we have conducted our air-raids in contrast with the indiscriminate savagery of the German attacks. In hers it is one

of armies against the armed and the unarmed, the protected and the defenceless; so that under it the fear of the mother for her child, or of the nurse for the wounded man, become useful auxiliaries of its inevitable

*The Nation.*

shock and horror. And it is prudent to remember that if this distinction is a proper armory for our own conscience, it is also a plea to address to the neutral, and especially to the American, world.

## THE FOOD PROBLEM.

Greenwood is one of those intolerable men who always rise to an occasion. He is the kind of man who rushes to sit on the head of a horse when it is down. I can even picture him sitting on the bonnet of an overturned motor-bus and shouting, "Now all together!" to the men who are readjusting it.

We were going down to business when Perkins introduced a new grievance against the Censor.

"Whatever do they allow this rot about food prices in the paper for?" he began. "It unsettles women awfully. Now my wife is insisting on having her housekeeping allowance advanced twenty-five per cent. I tell you she'd never have known anything about the advances if they hadn't been put before her in flaring type."

The general opinion of the compartment seemed to be that the Censor had gravely neglected his duty.

"I agreed with my wife," said Blair, who is a shrewd Scotchman, "and told her that she must have an extra two pounds a month. Now a twenty-five per cent advance would have meant five pounds a month. Luckily Providence fashioned women without an idea of arithmetic."

Most of us looked as if we wished we had thought of this admirable idea.

"My wife drew my attention to the paper," said Greenwood loftily. "I did not argue the point with her. Fi-

nance is not woman's strong point. I rang for the cook at once."

Everyone looked admiringly at the hero who had dared to face his cook.

"I said to her," continued Greenwood, "'Cook, get the Stores price-list for to-day and serve for dinner precisely the things that have not advanced. You understand? That will do.' So you see the matter was settled."

"Er, what did your wife say?" asked Perkins.

"Say! What could she say? Here was the obvious solution. And I have noticed that women always lose their heads in an emergency. They never rise to the occasion."

The next morning I met Greenwood again.

"By the way," I asked, "did you have a good dinner yesterday?"

Greenwood looked me straight in the eyes. There is a saying that a liar cannot look you straight in the eyes. Discredit it. "The dinner was excellent," he replied. "I wish you had been there to try it. And every single thing at pre-war prices."

But that night I came across Mrs. Greenwood as she emerged from a Red Cross working party loaded with mufflers and mittens.

"Glad to hear these hard times don't affect your household," I began diplomatically.

Mrs. Greenwood smiled. "What has Oswald been telling you?"



"Nothing, except that he had an excellent dinner yesterday."

"I wasn't there," said Mrs. Greenwood; "I went to my mother's. You see, Cook conscientiously followed Oswald's instructions. He had sardines, Worcester sauce, macaroni, and tinned pork and beans. I can't make out quite which of the two was the first to give notice afterwards. Perhaps it was what you call a dead heat. Only, Punch.

unless Oswald shouted, 'Take a month's notice,' when he heard the cook's step in the hall, I am inclined to think that Cook got there first."

Now in the train I recommend tinned pork and beans with Worcester sauce as a cheap and nourishing food in war-time.

Greenwood says nothing but glares at me. For once in his life he cannot rise to the occasion.

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### THE SOWER.

In the country every season has its charms. The town dweller is prone to look with pity, not unmixed with contempt, on the villager in winter, on his muddy roads, his absence of cinemas, of electric lights, of trams and facilities for shopping, but he who is at heart a country-man finds compensation for the lack of these advantages in the unceasing interest arising from intimacy with the things of Nature. The very season itself, the character of weather, is changed by its environment.

The Londoner registers fog and snow, frost and rain, sleet and mud, as so many varying degrees in the scale of unpleasantness; to the country-man they are invested with personality, with good or evil propensities, according to their effect upon his land, his crops, or fruit trees; the personal element of discomfort is merged in concern for the husbandry of which he is foster parent. Again, the man who lives in town, surrounded by the finished products of manufacture, of science and commerce, thinks very little of the source of things; it is to him as if there were no means of production but those to which he is accustomed, no origin beyond the warehouse or the counter. The country-man is close to the heart of things;

his is the responsibility of the seed which germinates, of the bread which is the life of man, and of the beasts who minister to his strength and endurance.

It is the fashion to look down upon the villager as of duller intelligence, of more limited outlook, of a bovine nature, as akin to the vegetation with which he is so closely connected. True it is that, class for class, he lacks the shrewdness of those whose living is dependent on their wits, on going one better than their fellows; he has no disposition to hustle, nor the gift of repartee that embellishes the lad about town. Instead, he possesses a remarkable fund of patience and endurance, wedded to a knowledge of the things of Nature which is often united to sound judgment and mechanical capacity. His is the lore of the plants and the animals beneath his care, of the seasons, of wind and weather, of wild folk of the downs and woods where the clean wind fills his lungs and pumps the good red blood to his heart. For the cinema he has the constantly changing panorama of Nature, the greatest scenic artist. Probably he takes little notice of it, nor sets much store by his fund of knowledge. It is to him as instinct, imbibed with his mother's milk, on the

first journeys taken with father to tend the lambing in the snows, to note the progress of the sprouting corn, to help gather apples in ruddy autumn. Birth and death, growth and decay, the miracle of spring, and the long sleep of winter lose all significance by their familiarity. Nevertheless, his is the lore which lies at the foundation of all things, below science and culture, below manufacture and the attendant luxury it imparts to the habits of men; it is the bedrock on which the fabric of society is built, this knowledge of Nature who supplies the essentials of food and drink and clothing, the prime necessities of life.

This is one of the almost forgotten truths the war is bringing home to us. So much we have taken for granted in the years of peace. Grain and flesh, wool and fruits, poured into our markets, flooded our shops, we scarce knew whence, nor cared. Necessities apparently secure, we gave our whole attention to luxury, to progress in the mechanical arts. The grim touch of war has changed all this. To-day the husbandman is once more occupying his real position in the scheme of things. Necessity has compelled a new interest in the fields whose brown earth is now turned up in rich furrows beneath the plough, in the meadows where cattle stand and fat sheep graze, in the Sower who can now be seen any day on the hillside, following the drill or striding across the land. "Seed for the sower, bread for the eater." Old as the hills, familiar in picture, story, and song, in the parables of philosophy and religion, is the figure of the Sower, as, basket on arm, a stalwart figure against the winter sky, with rhythmic motion he dispenses the grain, the principle of life, while the birds of the air wheel round him, eager for chance grains that the wind sweeps from

their destined harbor. His is a profession, dignified by antiquity, as skilled and definite as that of the well-digger and kindred arts which have descended to us from the remote ages when man lived by the tilling of the ground. It is interesting in that it is one of the few handicrafts the octopus of machinery has failed to stifle in its embrace.

But it is not by his picturesque aspect that the Sower now arrests our attention. The bread of the nation, the future feeding of its people, is one of the economic problems of the hour. War is teaching us how dependent we have permitted ourselves to become on the output of other countries for the vital necessities of bread and meat. It is impossible for England to be self-supporting, but experts are constantly asserting the advantage which would be obtained from raising more wheat and more cattle at home, while by support and protection this could be made profitable to the farmers.

At the moment prices are at a level which seriously threatens the health of the mass of our people. The staple food of the working class is now white bread and margarine, washed down by weak tea with little sugar and less milk. Cheese, bacon, fresh meat are rarely obtainable luxuries. On such diet it is impossible for men and women to conserve health and energy for good work, while it threatens the future of the children who will be the mainstay of the race. Those in possession of comfortable incomes are unable to comprehend the difference caused by a rise of 2d. or 3d. on a pound of meat, of 1d. or 1½d. on the quartern loaf, of 1d. or 1½d. on each pound of sugar to those whose weekly wage is at all times a bare sufficiency, and affords infrequent chances of the little luxuries as dear to them as to us. To all of us the war means self-denial, to the "poor" present condi-

tions mean actual deprivation of nourishment enough to maintain full powers of mind and body in the hardships of an English winter, hardships added to enormously by the advance in the price of coal.

We are told that this is due to our unpreparedness for a state of war, to difficulties of transport and unloading; that prices are at their highest, and that there is reasonable hope they may in due course drop towards their normal level. These statements may help us to accept matters philosophically, but they are poor comfort to the mother surrounded by a batch of hungry children, unable properly to supply their wants. War has cast the whole of our economic administration into the melting-pot of its fiery trial,

The Academy.

and is revealing many glaring defects, hitherto hidden or glossed over. It is gross treachery to express any admiration for Germany; nevertheless, she stands to view as a model of forethought, thrift, economy, and wise prevision. These may be virtues prostituted with a base and unworthy end in the present war, but they are virtues England can well afford to emulate. No nation can be happy or intelligent which is not well fed, and it is for us to see now that the children, the nursing mothers, the father who is the wage-earner, do not suffer in mind as well as in body from the stringent economy in thousands of homes which is the necessary corollary to the abnormal prices in the market-place.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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It is difficult for Maurice Baring to write seriously, and probably he does not expect to be taken seriously in the observations which he makes in his latest book, "Around the World in Any Number of Days" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The whimsicality which marks the title extends to the narrative and the reflections which the title describes. It is his habit to write the first thing which comes into his head, without much regard to sequence or coherence; and in this account of his experiences on a three-months trip to Ceylon, to Australia, and across the Pacific to San Francisco, and then to New York, he indulges his caprices to the top of his bent. It cannot be said that his book is very informing: it was not meant to be. But it is bright and diverting, and may well beguile an idle hour. The illustrations, fifteen or twenty in number, are in accord with the text. They are by

"B. T. B.," Vincent Lynch and Walter J. Enright.

"Earth Deities" contains four masques in the form of poetry. The verse is by Bliss Carman, and Mary Perry King, whose experience in producing masques and pageants fits her particularly for this work, furnishes the suggestions and the framework which make the masques of immediate practical value. The plays do not share that characteristic of so many poetical dramas which are only of interest to readers. The stage business is so clearly and simply expressed that amateur actors can easily discover how to obtain the desired effects. It is a little difficult to estimate the literary value of poems written for an obvious purpose, but it is greatly to Bliss Carman's credit that he has realized exactly what he was trying to do and has nowhere exceeded his bounds.

Some of the lyrical passages are on the level with his finest poetical work. The last masque in the book, an episode of Pierrot, Pierrette, Columbine and an Organ Grinder, is piquant and delightful, and more pleasing in many ways than some of the more ambitious classical pieces, but all are beautiful and singularly well adapted to amateur production. Mitchell Kennerley.

Henry C. Vedder in "The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy" attempts "a reconstructed theology." The theology of the churches has been dominated by monarchical ideas. "It should be recast in the mould of democracy." His particular mould-of-democracy strikes the reader as Socialism: it is difficult to agree with all the radical utterances found between these covers. "The Gospel of Jesus is mainly believed, preached and lived by those outside the Church"—that is too paradoxical to be readily accepted. That sexual immorality will be done away with by the public ownership of natural monopolies—that also fails to appeal to the man on the street. Yet the book is a thought-stimulant. The general thesis, the chapters on Justice, Women, the Child, the Slum, Lawlessness, and the scintillating English of the author, his biting sarcasm and merry jesting, must attract attention. The Macmillan Co.

The modern Bucephalus snorts and occasionally rears but he goes on four wheels and his unnamed "make" runs miles and miles after his tires should have exploded. He is to be found in "The Nightingale" by Ellenor Stoothoff. His driver is a lady who is innocently and amicably separating herself from her husband and family, and having promised to return as soon as she hears a nightingale, is avoiding the regions haunted by the light-winged dryad of the trees. Her hus-

band, having the temper of an angel, permits her to wander at will, and does not follow her until reasonably certain that she desires to be brought home. She has accumulated some amazing impedimenta which, however, most happily dispose of themselves. The only person in the book who walks on solid ground is the little Italian lady's maid who plans for herself and the other impedimenta. That the heroine should have temporarily annexed Scylla and Charybdis by no means implies that she encroached upon the domains of the King of Italy. They were a most innocent pair and dearly beloved, although as voracious as their prototypes. In short, they were paradoxical like everything else in the story, even the fragments of wisdom with which it ends. The true word is excellently spoken in jest in "The Nightingale." Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. William John Hopkins is working for the children this winter, and in "The Doers" he instructs them as to how houses grow and in what manner a small boy named David assisted in building a house, from digging the cellar to the painting and was ably assisted by his cat who always ran ahead of him, her bushy tail sticking up straight in the air. And David had a cart and a shovel and a hoe, and the shovel and the hoe rattled like everything when David ran with them in the cart. And the diggers and masons and carpenters and painters and plumbers and gas-fitters liked David because he did not ask too many questions, and the painters let him paint a clapboard, and did not scold him when he let a great drop of paint fall on his overalls, and his cat ran through a water pipe and came out with her tail sticking up in the air. Mr. Hopkins tells thirteen stories about the house-building, and David

sees the family that comes to live in the house when it is finished, and sees the little dog who comes with them, trotting under the moving van, and is too tired even to look at the cat and drinks some water and goes to sleep. And a boy named Dick is one of the new family and David helps him to watch the new house for a while, and then he runs home to his mother. "And that's the end of this book," says Mr. Hopkins. Mothers in search of pleasant stories for the little ones should buy "The Doers." The book is illustrated by many good drawings but the text really needs no interpreters. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Gluttons for work" are not rare among Americans, and Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe's "The Boston Symphony Orchestra" exhibits one of the best of them. As his townsmen acknowledged recently as fittingly as they might, Mr. Henry Lee Higginson has made all "Greater Boston" his debtor in more than one way and it is more than thirty years since he almost forced the Boston Symphony concerts upon the city and suburbs and thereby set himself for all time at the head of their musical benefactors. It is touching to find in the earlier pages of this volume the pathetic story of the incidents which led him to abandon all hopes of a musical career for himself. The personal story is fascinating but the tale of the Symphony Orchestra is unique. "The Beginning under Georg Henschel," "The Establishing under Wilhelm Gericke," "The Service of Arthur Nikisch and Emil Paur," "The Second Term of Wilhelm Gericke," "Dr. Karl Muck," "Max Fiedler," and again "Dr. Muck," and "Conclusions" are the titles of the chapters. In the first Appendix are lists of the soloists of the Orchestra from 1881 to the season of 1913-14; in Appendix B, one finds the terms of service

of the six conductors and all the players who have been members of the Orchestra; and in Appendix C is a list of all the compositions performed by the Orchestra whether in Boston or elsewhere. Finally comes an excellent index. The volume is indispensable to all who for any reason are interested in the history of music and musicians in the United States. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "Retail Selling and Store Management," Paul H. Neystrom, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin, has treated very comprehensively a subject on which very little literature has been produced. Although the preface states, "It has been the aim throughout to present only such policies and practices as have been found of actual practical value in successful stores," theory, in the form of apt principles of psychology, economics, and common sense, has been used to support practice in a very practical manner. One chapter is devoted to the general problems involved in all retail distribution; three to the qualifications for salesmanship and to ways of developing them; six to the actual methods by which sales are made; one to the causes of leaks and losses; two to the problem of attractive publicity; three to efficiency in store organization; and one each to credit, buying, cost of selling, and the true relation of the store to its employees and public. The titles in heavy type which announce each of the three or four hundred paragraphs, and a full table of contents, make reference use easy. Among these paragraphs might be mentioned: ten rules for health; twenty common causes of fires; an illustrative conversation with a customer who says that she is in a great hurry; a chart which grades all possible combinations of the twenty-eight commonest colors as good,



fair, possible but not recommended, and impossible; a list of the points in regard to his goods with which every salesman should be familiar; the value of calling a customer by name; the importance for every large store of having a medical department to keep watch of the health of salespeople, etc. The book will probably be most valuable to ambitious salesmen, but no one connected in any way with the business of retail distribution can afford to ignore it. Even the woman who is only a customer will be able to pick up from it several hints in the art of buying wisely. D. Appleton and Company.

"Worry and Nervousness," by William S. Sadler, M.D., has for its subtitle "the Science of Self-mastery" and is designed to point out to sufferers from the various curable nervous ailments the means by which they may regain their health. It is divided into two parts. The first defines and describes these various afflictions, which range through ennui, worry, neurasthenia, neurasthenoida, neurasthenia, psychasthenia, hysteria, hypochondria, and melancholia, and differentiates them from each other. The usual causes and the normal development of each one are traced, and the usual methods of treatment are outlined. Although this part of the work is sufficiently simple and untechnical to serve its purpose, the spirit of cold-blooded, unsympathetic accuracy which pervades it seems much better adapted to the clinic than to the perusal of patients with panicky nerves and vivid imaginations. The second part, however, explains clearly, helpfully, and optimistically the commoner methods for the cure of nerves, emphasizing especially, as the subtitle suggests, suggestion, re-education, and the other branches of psychotherapy. It is not merely descriptive and explanatory but

is addressed directly and dynamically to the reader. Its many suggestions for self-help should prove a great boon to the many nervous sufferers who are unable to afford adequate professional treatment. A. C. McClurg and Co.

The first chapters of "The House of the Dawn," by Marah Ellis Ryan (A. C. McClurg & Company), seem reminiscent of the historical novel which bloomed and faded some fifteen or twenty years ago. In a style that is dignified, slow-moving, and intentionally beautiful, they evoke the old pictures,—roses, guitars, maidens' eyes, Spain, Mexico, the Inquisition, treasure-ships and gold,—and throw over them the old veil of glamour. "Very pretty, but too thin and too sentimental" is the most obvious comment. But as the tale progresses, and Sancha's highly romantic love for that scandalous will-o'-the-wisp, Don Marco, leads her into the Mexican wilderness in search of him, with the heretic Tristan for guide, as one watches the growth of Tristan's great love for her and the withering of her hot-house dreams amid the realities of the desert, and reads of the happiness which they finally find together, a different section of one's vocabulary rises to the surface from depths that are seldom disturbed,—true romance, poetry, and the words that belong to the great realities of life. If any comparison still seems necessary, it can be only with the prose romances of William Morris, with the quests and adventures and the exaltations of spirit of "The Sundering Flood" and "The Well at the World's End." If "The House of the Dawn" fails to etch such indelible pictures on the brain or create such a marvellous atmosphere of unreal reality, it offers the reader as a substitute a greater coherence of plot and an intenser self-consciousness in the characters.